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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



JOHN
MILLS

A MATTER OF ROUTINE

Humorous romance

By MARGARET CRAVEN

ELEANOR entered quickly. Background, refinement, education — the signs of all three were evident. About twenty-nine years old. A fine, intelligent face. Beautiful, solemn brown eyes. Inexpensive, well-chosen clothes. A low-pitched, charming voice.

Her name, she said, was Eleanor Hunt. She'd been feeling a bit below par lately. No—no pain anywhere. No headaches. Just tired. She even woke up tired, and she had no energy for her work. She thought perhaps she'd better have a thorough check-up.

You could say one thing for the days of the tin bathtub and the kerosene lamp, thought Dr. Ann Peabody. To most women life came along then in its natural order—youth, school, marriage, babies—and after that so much to do there was no time for a bright mind to turn on itself. That's the way it ought to be, and that's the way it wasn't any more for too many of her patients.

Here was another attractive, intelligent young woman with the look on her face of one who is marooned on that dull plateau which awaits a girl who makes her own living long enough to reach it.

Schoolteachers and secretaries, professional and business girls, all year long they trickled in, tired of routine and monotony, tired of going home every night to wash out stockings and gloves, tired of waiting for the right man who surely must be bogged down somewhere with creeping paralysis. They came seeking zest, new hope to add to the courage they took to life, and what did they get? Cod-liver oil. Vitamin pills. Iron shots, sun lamps, and don't-work-so-hard-and-what-you-need-is-a-nice-long-rest.

It wasn't good enough. Dr. Ann was as weary of handing it out as they must be of taking it. There must be something else, she thought, something simple and applicable. Something inexpensive that would work. Something to spur the mind as well as the body. Something that would be fun.

Dr. Ann gave Eleanor Hunt a thorough check-up, finding nothing wrong. When she was back at her desk the girl patted a curl in place and waited for the verdict, one hand ready to take the prescription, go home with the large, brown pills, and start swallowing.

But Dr. Ann had been thinking.

She was looking out the window at the sunlit bay, where the ships were plying and where each day she found something new, something that interested her. Not much, but each day the pattern of activity out there on the water changed just a little.

"You know," Dr. Ann said slowly, coming round to where Eleanor was seated, "when I was in college I had an English professor I liked very much. She said that much of the advice given one in this world was along the line of the old adage about

taking a salamander by the tail. She said all of us would be so willing to take a salamander by the tail if we could only find one."

Eleanor looked a little startled. "Now, if any of my advice smacks of the salamander," continued Dr. Ann, "I want you to demand that I produce him."

The girl smiled. Her face was lovely in animation.

"You're all right physically. You've been working eight or nine years. You're not one of those girls who had dabbled at a job, who pays her mother a few dollars a week, and puts the rest of her pay check on her own back. You've had responsibilities. Real ones. You didn't make them. They were handed you. Am I right?"

"Why—why, yes," Eleanor said. "Lately everything's gone stale on you. You do the same things every day, every week, every month. You've been waiting for something to come along something big that would change your whole life. Nothing comes. Nothing happens. You've done the best you can. You can't figure out how you can do any better. Am I right?"

"Yes—yes," Eleanor said. "Probably you can't change the big things," Dr. Ann said slowly. "Most of us can't. They're handed us, already wrapped and tagged. But there's one thing you can do. You can go to work on the little things."

Eleanor stared. "The little things are more important anyway, because there are so many more of them," Dr. Ann said earnestly. "How many thrilling big things happen to any of us in a lifetime? Very few. It's the little things that engulf us like millions of grains of sand. They are all over us and around us. We don't even think of them. I want you to shift that sand."

Eleanor Hunt didn't say a word. "Alter the routine in as many little ways as you can. Take a paper and pencil and make a list of the routine things you do every day without thinking. Change some of them each day. Make a game of it. Give it a name. Let me see—how about New Routine Project?"

"Nothing the matter, except boredom," thought Dr. Ann, surveying Eleanor.

"N.R.P." Eleanor said. "That's almost a word. Nerp. Nerping."

Dr. Ann laughed. "Sounds silly, doesn't it? Sounds very trivial. You can say it's too much trouble. You can say you haven't time for it. You can try it a week and drop it. Remember, the changes don't have to be serious or even sensible. And don't substitute one routine for another. Just keep on shifting the sands. I don't promise it will revolutionize your life. But I think, if you keep it up, it will give you the freshness you need. Will you do it?"

"I'll try."

"I'm not asking you if you'll try. I'm asking you if you'll do it."

Eleanor stood up. "I'll do it. I'll leave here nerping. What's more, I'll keep it up."

"And come back and tell me what happens."

"Yes, I will."

Eleanor Hunt walked out of there in a daze. What an amazing woman Dr. Ann Peabody was, anyway. She'd asked so little and understood so much. One wrong gesture, an ounce of pity, and Eleanor would have put her head on the desk and sobbed. She was all right now. She was safe now, because she was walking down the hall into the elevator and out into the street with hope in her heart.

If you were a girl, she thought, nothing in your education prepared you for life's unexpected. You grew up seeing your life ahead of you like a fine, straight road. You'd go to college; maybe you'd work a year or two. You'd save your money to buy things you wanted specially, or a wonderful trip, and then, of course, you'd marry—and there you'd be with all the ingredients to mix up a fine, sturdy life for yourself.

But suppose the flour and eggs were missing. Suppose your father died too soon. Suppose things went wrong in the family. Well—that's the way a career girl is born, only no working girl uses that word. Too often she's a stopgap.

Eleanor had held up the family bulwark for eight years, and she didn't regret it. It was over now. Nothing to meet but the let-down. Nothing to help clear up but the sad bills, the kind you pay twice—once with your heart's agony and once with your purse.

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LAST WORD

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PART I.

I SAW a light moving in the woods.
"What kind of a light?"
"Somebody held a flash."
"Do you mean a flashlight?"
"Yes, that was it."
"Did you see the face of the person who held it?"
"Yes. Just above the light I see it."

"Do you see that face in the courtroom to-day?"

"Yes. There it is." The witness pointed with a gnarled finger as if she were shaking it in the face of Emily Carter.

Spectators craned forward. The courtroom held the hushed expectant silence of a theatre at the moment when a play explodes its dramatic bombshell.

For days District Attorney Benjamin Nicholson, in the case of *The People against Emily Carter*, had built to this climax, his technique that of a shrewd showman who works his audience into a frenzy. He had promised Press and public a revelation to make their hair stand on end. He was delivering it graphically.

Step by step, at the side of the witness, Minnie Jackson, he had led the jurors into a forest on a moonless night; let them feel the prophetic terror of woodland sounds. Pace by pace he had caused these twelve men to advance beside the woman through the darkness to a spot where two people were about to be murdered.

And here, with the manipulation of an expert impresario, he had made them see Emily stand furtively watching her husband embracing another woman.

Nicholson's small stature was out of keeping with his ambition, which secretly led to Washington, D.C. At the outset of Emily Carter's trial for first degree murder, he had weighed every ounce of the factors in her favor. First, the giant stature of her attorney, Matthew Sheridan. Matt's magnificent youth, thirty-four, pitted against fifty-two, made it essential to win away the mob's admiration, to play David to Sheridan's Goliath.

His role must be that of the little man whose weapon is the smooth stone of justice.

Next into the scales had gone all the qualities of Emily's feminine appeal: a widow, twenty-eight, daughter of an old family, the last of her line, without a relative to stand by in her fight for freedom.

Her looks as the jury might appraise them: thin, fine face, in its frame of dusky hair, sensitive hands, the vitality blotted from her long, grey eyes like a light burned out, her lips with no touch of rouge to hide the fact that they were drained of color—these were all emotional angles. And where men were the jurors, no matter how iron-clad their oath, this feminine thing, this white, frail quality might tip the scales.

One factor militated in favor of the prosecution. The defendant held her head like an aristocrat facing the Tribunal of the French Revolution, high and proud. What she felt was locked out of sight. This pleased Mr. Nicholson. It was something to point up, a first aid against the danger of sympathy for her.

He pitched his voice to a regretful note and put the next question as if sadness wrung his heart at the necessity of proving that Emily Carter alone could have been guilty of



the murder which had shaken the community with the force of an earthquake.

"Mrs. Jackson, after you saw the face above the flashlight, did you hear anything?"

The woman in the witness chair was as sturdy as the stump of an old tree. Her skin had the dead look of sapless bark. A tight wad of greasy hair pulled from her forehead made it high and domelike. As she hunched forward, her neck sank and her square hands took hold of the chair arms. "I heard a woman say, 'Explain these letters.' Then nobody said nothing. Then a man yells, 'Don't, don't!' Then I hear a shot."

"Was the flashlight still on when you heard the shot?"

"No, it was gone. I just heard."

"Did you hear any voice after the shot?"

"There was two women's voices."

Nicholson knew the value of pauses. He let silence fall like a thud. The afternoon sun pushed its path through unwashed panes of the tall arched west window and lingered over Emily Carter's white face. Spectators who stared at her thought, "Murderess! And look at her! She's made of ice." You could

"Your Honor, this procedure of the prosecution is an obvious attempt to influence the jury."

Nicholson's trim figure went rigid. He turned to the Bench and his expression telegraphed hurt astonishment. "Your Honor must observe that I am leaning backward to give the defendant every advantage."

"My worthy opponent is leaning so far backward that I suggest he may topple over."

A roar of laughter broke the tension. This was not the first time the defence attorney's anger had taken the form of a verbal punch in the jaw. His lack of blandness, his fighting attack, swung spectators to his side.

Not so the jury. Matt sensed at once he had made a mistake. It was written in those twelve faces of middle-aged farmers and business men, all of whom resented this smear of a murder trial on the county's respectability.

Judge Higham brought down his gavel. "Defence counsel will keep in mind that this is not a debating society. It is a court of law to which he must show the proper respect. The prosecution may proceed with the examination."

"I beg Your Honor—" the gavel interrupted. Matt paid no attention. He gripped the table edge and his shoulders aching forward. The

introduction as a surprise witness of the disreputable Minnie Jackson was hard enough to take. But this identification must be stricken from the record or, if that should be impossible, its effect must somehow be dissipated.

"Your Honor, the prosecutor's conduct in questioning this witness is prejudicial to a fair trial. I ask Your Honor to instruct Mr. Nicholson that this conduct in questioning is highly improper and must cease."

"The court does not consider Mr. Nicholson's conduct either prejudicial or improper. Defence counsel has not given any legal ground in support of his objection."

"My objection, Your Honor, is that this is a dastardly attempt by the district attorney, through unreliable testimony—as I shall prove—to crucify the defendant."

"I consider that statement impertinent and insulting," Nicholson blustered. "I ask Your Honor to warn defence counsel against its repetition."

"Mr. Sheridan," said Judge Higham sternly, "there was no excuse for that remark. Save your summation for the jury. Objection overruled."

"Exception!" Matt sat down and turned to Emily. "Courage," he whispered.

WYNNE W
DOVIES

Emily stood furtively watching her husband embracing another woman.

"Mrs. Carter, please remove your hat," demanded Nicholson.

Emily pulled off the black hat. She smoothed back the hair that fell in a wave over her forehead. For a bare second her thin hand pressed down on top of her head to stop its throbbing.

"And rise, Mrs. Carter. Please step a little nearer to the witness." This would successfully remove Matt Sheridan's support.

She went forward. The sense of the mob beat against her. She met the stare of the twelve in the jury-box. These men who held her life must not be allowed to guess that she felt as naked as if the clothes had been stripped from her.

Nicholson returned to the witness. "Think carefully, Mrs. Jackson. And remember, you are under oath. Is this defendant the woman who asked Boyd Carter to explain the letters?"

Minnie Jackson dug into a copious pocket in her skirt. She put a pair of spectacles on her flat nose and leered at the prisoner. "That's her, Emily Carter."

"Is this the same woman whose face you saw in the flashlight?"

"The same. I swear that's her."

Emily stood tall. No matter what the effort cost, she must not faint either in body or spirit.

Nicholson let the crowd fill their eyes with her. He knew the effect of her pale immobility. They would think she was too sure of herself, too smugly certain her wealth could buy her freedom. Let class hatred at its deadliest prod the mob spirit until, like Jacobins of the French Revolution, they shouted for her head. "Thank you, Mrs. Carter," he said and bowed. "That will be all."

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SHE stopped. All the time she'd been thinking, her legs—with no direction from her head—had been leading her to the tearoom where she'd had dinner every night for weeks. But not this night! She'd choose another place. It would be her first nerp.

She walked on down the street to a new cafe she'd noticed on her way to work. A gay green awning. A French name. Bright potted geraniums edging the basement steps. It was warm and clean and cosy inside. When the waitress gave her a menu, she ordered ragout of kidney instead of roast beef, and when the waitress asked "White or red wine, please?" she ordered red wine instead of milk. Second and third nerps coming up.

Why, it was easy. Silly, maybe, but intriguing. All you had to do was the little different thing. She dined slowly instead of fast—fourth nerp—and, since no one was waiting for a table, she took out paper and pencil and had a look at the routine of her day, as Dr. Ann had suggested. Workday first.

Even Dr. Ann couldn't shift these sands. There were tons of them. Eleanor's was a good job. There was no better law firm in town than McCauley, Pitts, Newcomb & Problem. If only—if only just once they'd take some small, human sort of case. Say a commonplace divorce. But no—McCauley, Pitts, Newcomb & Problem took only the big super-messes, fine practice for a girl's nimble fingers, and solemn fare for her nerping soul.

And the rules laid down for the hired help! So mass-grown, so rigid, so unchanging! Black dresses for winter, navy-blue for summer. No jewellery ever. The women em-

A Matter of Routine

Continued from page 2

ployees all looked as if they had been recently bereaved. Most of them had grown up with the firm. Miss Shoemaker was fifty-eight. Even the junior partners were middle-aged.

Eleanor now considered Mr. Problem her special responsibility. Honest, elderly, conventional in the extreme, and possessed—poor soul—of a recalcitrant liver.

She paid her check, and walked up the steps into the evening. On the corner was a flower stand. She bought a bunch of violets, fifth nerp. She took the same old street car. She sat on the front end—sixth nerp. A seedy young man tried a pick-up. She didn't permit it, of course, though she found it rather nice. No man had tried a pick-up for months. When she reached the hotel where she lived in an annex generally called the "Hen Roost," she was smiling.

She obtained her key from the desk and ascended to her room. She walked down the hall. The door next to hers was open. Miss Alsop lived there, an elderly maiden aunt with a tiny income.

Eleanor knew her only to speak to when they passed in the hall. She unpinned the violets and stopped in the doorway.

"Hello, Miss Alsop," she called out. "I thought maybe you would enjoy these flowers." Seventh nerp.

Miss Alsop came to the door. She said, "Why, my dear, how—how awfully nice of you. Come in. I've been hoping you would."

Eleanor went in. Eighth nerp.

She said, "Why, Miss Alsop, how lovely your room is."

"You like it? I'm so glad. It's my grandmother's furniture. It is nice if you like old things. I have something new, too. Come over here." She led the way to the wardrobe, separated a row of dresses on hangers to reveal a tiny electric refrigerator. "My nephew sent it to me to-day. I—I got him out of a college scrape once. Of course, I know we aren't supposed to cook in our rooms, but most of us get our own breakfasts, don't we? Of course, it isn't very large, but it holds all I need. To-morrow morning I'm going to initiate it. Why, I know. You can have breakfast with me, if you'd be so kind."

"I'll come," Eleanor said. "I'd love to."

She went on into her own room. She didn't feel so tired to-night. She was almost ready for bed when there was a small knock at the door, and Mamie Glutz came in.

Mamie was the chambermaid. In her youth she had been a lion-tamer with a circus. Life had battered and banged Mamie. At least one

had struck up quite a friendship with this frizzy little maiden lady.

At the office, nerping was plain hard work. Every morning when she walked in the door the heavy pressure of routine bore down upon her. Sometimes she didn't get in one nerp all day long. Sometimes she planned changes, only to have them vetoed by Mr. Problem, who resented change. Then one day she had a bit of luck. Instead of rushing out to lunch, she had the restaurant in the building send up two sandwiches and a carton of chocolate milk, and, with a little aid from Joe, the janitor, she ascended to the roof.

She was sitting there in the quiet and the sun when a door opened, and out hopped a spry little man with keen grey eyes and a shock of unruly grey hair.

He stared at her and said— not unkindly: "How in the world did you get here?"

She said: "Joe lent me his key."

He put down a camera. From one pocket he took out a paper bag. He walked over to the wall that edged the top of the building, opened the bag, and laid out a row of bread crusts.

It was Eleanor's turn to stare. "Good gracious!" she thought. "He's going to take pictures of seagulls. The man's wacky."

The seagulls didn't co-operate. He kept trying to snap them in mid-air, and they kept standing placidly on the wall, refusing to swoop and soar.

Eleanor said: "Maybe if I threw some crusts up in the air it would help—"

At the end of half an hour she had tossed away most of her lunch and made a friend. Furthermore, Mr. Driscoll turned out to be anything but wacky. He was one of the city's leading architects, with a passion for bird photography.

To her amazement Eleanor found herself telling Mr. Driscoll all about nerping. He didn't laugh at her either. His wise old eyes twinkled a little. Then he said seriously that it was a fine idea.

She hated the lunch-hour to pass so quickly, and she was pleased, three days later, when Mr. Driscoll's secretary called down to ask her to come up on the roof and see the pictures and have lunch. The secretary was as nice as her employer.

One morning as Eleanor was getting ready to start to work Mamie knocked at her door, and handed in a large box.

EL E A N O R opened the box and took out a corsage of orchids. "Mamie! Where did you get these?"

"Oh-h-h-h, I just came by them natural," said Mamie.

"Mamie, did you—didn't you—?" "No, Miss Eleanor. I didn't steal 'em. I just snatched 'em. There's a bride and groom in the right wing. They'll never miss 'em. They've got boxes of flowers. This box was on the end of the table, Miss Eleanor. It was right over the wastebasket. I didn't even have to knock it off. When I walked hard, it just fell in, and what could I do 'cept carry it out?"

"Mamie, you take these orchids right, straight back."

"And get fired?" demanded Mamie. "Not me." And down the hall she went.

This put Eleanor up against the hardest nerp to date. She could be strong and let the orchids wilt in her room. She could return them, thereby involving Mamie in a jam. She did neither. She put the orchids in a paper bag, smuggled them out of the hotel, and wore them to work. Mr. Problem said, "Orchids, Miss Hunt?"

Eleanor said, "Orchids, Mr. Problem," and enjoyed his lifted brows all day long.

The next morning Mamie knocked at the door again, and entered with an armful of the loveliest flowers Eleanor had ever seen.

"Mamie, this has gone far enough. Don't tell me these were hanging over the wastebasket ready to drop in."

"Oh, no, Miss Eleanor. I got these off the penthouse inmates."

"But, Mamie, they're the smuggest, richest stuffed old shirts in seven counties. They're clients of Mr. Problem's."

"Now, dearie," Mamie said, "don't get excited. They're having their thirtieth wedding anniversary, and, honest, I never did see so many flowers. I didn't snitch 'em exactly. All I did was take one flower from each vase."

"Mamie, you march right up there and take them back."

"And get fired? Not me." And away went Mamie.

At two that afternoon the telephone rang. It was Miss Alsop, an excited, almost incoherent Miss Alsop, who talked so fast her false teeth clicked. Mrs. Alexander Van Arsdale, the lady of the penthouse, had seen Mamie take the flowers. She had accused Mamie of taking also one large diamond and pearl brooch. This Mamie stoutly denied. The police had been summoned. What should she do?

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"Yes, indeed, Dinwiddie, a very tasty dinner. I especially liked that Louis XIV chair."

Lion had clawed Mamie. She was still valiant.

"You see the doctor, Miss Eleanor, like I said?" she asked now.

"I did, Mamie. I don't even have to swallow pills. All I need, it seems, is an idea." Eleanor told her about nerping. "And I want you to help me, Mamie. It was simple to-night. To-morrow it'll be hard. I want you to help me nerp every single day."

Mamie said: "Lan' sakes, dearie. You can count on me, dearie."

When she considered it—at the end of three weeks—Eleanor had to admit that nerping might be silly, but it worked. She felt better. She touched life at so many more points, and all through the most trivial things.

Evenings and week-ends were easy. Mamie helped. Almost every night Mamie managed to appear, on some excuse, with a hearty "You nerp to-day, Miss Eleanor?"

Miss Alsop helped, also. Eleanor

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X.15-39.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

It's Leslie Stebbing's job to look for trouble. He's a roof spotter for a big city store. Pretty chilly up there in the early hours of the morning, but Les's not worrying. "Do I catch cold? Not on your life! Hot Bonox soon warms me up after a spell of spotting." Yes, Bonox will help you to keep your head above the flu line. Bonox keeps up your resistance and guards against flu and cold germs, because Bonox sends new strength direct to your bloodstream. Drink a steaming cupful of Bonox every day, especially in winter weather. Hotels, cafes, and milk bars are serving hot Bonox now. Or buy a bottle of Bonox on your way home, and drink it as a night cap.

68.2

THE SHERIFF TAKES A RIDE

All in a good cause, he thought, helping himself to the car.

WILLIE OLIVER wasn't a very good constable. He was too fat to fight and too tired to run and it was a good thing the mayor couldn't find anyone else who wanted that six hundred a year.

That princely sum was what Willie drew in his job as sheriff of Crystal Hills, and Sam Todd never tired of saying, sneeringly, that no one ever earned money more easily.

Sam Todd was the mayor and he didn't like Willie, feeling he didn't have the proper dignity and brains for an officer, but he still didn't fire him. Even Sam Todd had to admit that Crystal Hills didn't need much of a constable.

For one thing, it was thirty miles from the railroad, a jumping-off place for The Woods, and while it had a few stores and a bank, nobody ever came there except people who were going hunting and fishing. And Willie could handle them all right. Sometimes the sportsmen got liquored up but he always managed to reason with them and keep them from getting into trouble.

A lot of the tourists like Mr. Tucker, for instance, seemed to think Willie was pretty quaint, sort of a prop furnished by the local merchants, but Willie didn't mind that.

Mr. Tucker was up there on his first hunting trip and he hung around Willie's office whenever he was in town. He was some kind of a big man in Chicago, being so important that he even had to hire a lock box in the Crystal Hills bank just to take care of some valuables he happened to have along. He wasn't very noticeable with most folks, but he must have liked Willie because he spent a lot of time in his office.

"Don't you ever arrest anyone, Willie?" he asked. "People won't believe you're a real policeman unless you arrest someone now and then."

"Gotta have something to arrest them for," Willie said reasonably, running a finger around the neck of his open collar. "Can't just arrest 'em for practice, can I?" Through his window he could see Sam Todd get out of his new car and go into his real-estate office next door, and at the sight of his lank, grim figure, Willie sighed. "Got enough trouble holdin' my job without going around arrestin' people. I never did get on with Sam Todd and now he's got it in for my hide."

Mr. Tucker waited, but Willie only settled into a more comfortable position and sighed again. Willie was a pretty good judge of human nature and he knew a big man like Mr. Tucker might get the wrong idea of him if he started in complaining about the mayor's meanness.

It all went back to the last council meeting. Sam Todd had gone and talked the council into buying him a new car, just because he couldn't afford to buy one himself. That really hurt Willie. He didn't ask much of life or Crystal Hills, either, but if anyone was going to have a new car it should have been the police department. He got up and said so. Something in the way Sam Todd just looked at him made Willie suddenly stop talking and sit down.

Mr. Tucker was smiling at him. "Dirty politics, eh, Willie?"

Willie had a big slow smile that admitted nothing. "Could be," he said, "but even so, I wouldn't have much call to be complainin'. I got a nice, comfortable life; I make six hundred a year; and sometimes I pick up a dollar with my car, too, taking people out to their camps when their guides don't show up."

Mr. Tucker glanced at the bank across the street where old Mr. Haldeman was just locking up for the day. When the old man had gone limping down the street, Mr. Tucker's glance still lingered on the bank.

"Every dollar helps," he said. "I



"Just relax now and nothing will happen," Mr. Tucker told Willie.

might be able to use you myself, Willie. I'll need someone to drive me over to the railroad when I leave."

Willie didn't see Mr. Tucker again for almost a week and when he did come into town he had his bags with him. It was almost five on an unseasonably hot day and Willie was sitting outside his office fanning himself when Mr. Tucker appeared with old Mr. Haldeman, who looked

grouchy, the way he always did when he had to open up after hours. Mr. Tucker, though, was smiling and polite, and it was easy for Willie to figure out he must be going back to the city and wanted those things in his lock box.

They went into the bank and Willie sat there a while, tilting back in his chair and sweating gently in the sun. After a while he sighed and thought about calling his wife and telling her he would be late for supper, seeing as Mr. Tucker was probably expecting him to drive him over to Duquesne to catch the express. There was no sense in calling her, though, until he found out for sure, and so he went over to the bank to inquire about Mr. Tucker's plans.

The blinds were down but the door was unlocked. Willie hesitated and when he finally did go in he got quite a shock because he discovered Mr. Tucker was holding up the bank. Old Mr. Haldeman was bound and lying on the floor. Mr. Tucker had just finished stuffing his bags when he looked up and saw Willie staring at him from the doorway. He covered Willie with his gun, but he needn't have bothered, for Willie was too upset to

have yelled or anything. He still didn't think Mr. Tucker looked like a bank robber should.

"All right, sweetheart," said Mr. Tucker, poking his gun in Willie's side. "Just relax now and nothing will happen. We're going to get your car and you're going to drive me to Duquesne in time to catch the express. That's all. But if you make one peep before I'm on that train I'm going to let this gun go off where it will do you the least good."

"But look here, Mr. Tucker," protested Willie, sounding more bewildered than anything else. "You don't—"

"Stow it," said Mr. Tucker, curtly.

"And get going—quick!"

"But I still can't imagine you being a bank robber," said Willie.

"I think you—"

"I said stow it!" said Mr. Tucker,

and he jabbed the gun meaningly,

and with rather unnecessary violence, into Willie's ribs.

Willie sighed heavily, and gave it up. They stepped out into the street together, Mr. Tucker standing so close beside Willie that no one any distance from them could have seen what he was doing with the gun.

For a moment,

Willie's eyes ranged anxiously up and down the street. Maybe there would be a chance passer-by—maybe even Sam Todd himself—who would see his plight and come to the rescue.

But there was no one—no hope of rescue. Everybody had gone home early to try to escape from the heat.

"Get on!" hissed Mr. Tucker, and Willie walked across the street to the sedan parked in front of the office.

Mr. Tucker got right in beside him, never taking his gun out of Willie's ribs.

After a moment's fumbling Willie got the car started and they headed out of town, turning onto the State road that would take them to

Duquesne. Mr. Tucker relaxed a little then and even smiled once, thinking how simply he had cut off pursuit by using the town's whole police force as his personal chauffeur. Willie was thinking about that, too, and it was making him more and more unhappy.

They never did reach Duquesne, but that didn't upset Willie as much as you might expect. They were still four miles out of town when a State highway patrol car came roaring out of a side road, its siren screaming, and took after them.

Mr. Tucker only had a chance to fire at them once before Willie grabbed his gun. The car lurched into a little ditch and Willie was sitting astride Mr. Tucker's chest when the State police came up to arrest Willie and found, to their surprise, that he was an officer himself.

"You don't want to arrest me," he said. "Not when I got us a real criminal. Besides, I only stole this car in the line of duty." Willie's faith in his own judgment of human nature had been restored at the first sight of that police car. "I knew Sam Todd would sure turn me in what he saw me making off with his new car!"

(Copyright)

By RICHARD ENGLISH

UNSOUGHT TREASURE

By
Joyce Martin Skinner

Winner of the £200
prize in the Romance
Section of our £2000
Fiction Contest.



IT was June; the sun of winter was a pleasant thing. Ben had flung himself down on the shallow sandhill, pulled his felt hat over his eyes, and lay inert. One arm cuddled his head, the other was carelessly thrown out from his body, his hand nestling in the warm sand. He let the warmth seep into his weary body.

He frowned slightly at the giggling of some girls who had come within hearing. He could picture them. Very young they sounded, and most likely wearing slacks or shorts. Idly their voices carried in the wind.

One had giggled and whispered something excitedly.

"Go on, I dare you!" Again the giggle, and an attempt to evade the dare.

"Aw, you're not game." A quick assertion.

"Well, go on, I dare you!" Somehow it had become important, somehow it encroached on him. He heard a smothered giggle, then the three were laughing, yet through their noise he could hear the slur of sand, as though somebody was creeping across it.

He was not wholly unguarded against the next move. A wiry spear of grass sneaked under his hat and tickled his nose. His hand sprang down, and his strong fingers closed round a thin arm. He tossed his hat from his eyes, and sat up, staring at his captive.

She was little more than a child, perhaps about sixteen. Her wide frightened eyes looked as though they might be clouded with tears. She tugged experimentally, he jerked. She sat and looked at him helplessly.

The other two were convulsed with mirth, but she stared at him as though fascinated. That lean, deep-lined, young face, a fallow face, in which the mouth was a straight line, and the eyes bright and hard, frightened her. Another man would have taken it as a joke. This one had trapped her.

"Come on, Ethel, we're going," one of the girls called. He recognised the voice as the one who had dared her. He heard them get up and walk away, deserting her.

"Please let me go!" It was a quickly-spoken plea.

"No, I don't think so," he answered. His voice was like his face, deliberate, and hard.

"Please," her voice had the suggestion of a whisper in it. An exciting little voice. He would like to hear more of it.

"Why?" "It was only a joke, I didn't mean any harm."

"You nearly poked my eye out." It was a malicious untruth, but he was beginning to enjoy himself.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. It was silly, wasn't it?"

Then she tugged again. Her arm was as thin as a stick, like his had once been, before it had turned to sinew and muscle. He felt sorry for her in a nostalgic way; he had been so very much like her, really. He looked her over, that skimpy blouse, those absurd shorts. She blushed hotly, and began to squirm.

"Let me go," she cried, no whisper now, just the suggestion of a whimper.

His grip relaxed, his hand fell away from her. She fled, a laugh ringing in her ears as she sped over the sand to join her friends. A hard, staccato laugh, for Ben suddenly saw himself in a very sardonic light. All his life he had dodged girls, they all seemed so silly and useless, or so calculating that he had scorned them, side-stepped them. Now when one had come of her own accord, and none had before, he had frightened her away.

"Fool, fool," screamed the gulls. Yes, fool, he thought, walking over to the headland, to watch the fishermen on the rocks.

Ben did not try to find out anything about her. He had never seen her before. His own life was very set, yet he had only been here a month. The munition works over the hill, his boarding-house, letters from home, sometimes enough borrowed time to slip home.

The town, the townspeople, even the men he worked with, did not interest him. Ben was an incorporated society, to and for himself alone.

He saw her again. It was a Saturday, about four o'clock. He was striding along the street, his kit-bag swinging from a blackened

leather thong over his shoulder. He had just finished work. She was with the other two, all dressed this time in frocks, with improvised jackets. He noticed the lipstick on their faces, hers alone looked out of place. They were strolling, clinging together. He did not break step, only passed them.

Saturday night tea at the boarding-house was a scrappy meal. Only a few of the boarders were ever in, and the landlady herself, Mrs. Creedy, the widow of a miner, waited on them.

He had spent the last two hours of the afternoon taking a bath, clothing himself rather carefully, straightening his room. Wasting time in a luxurious fashion. The evening meal was served in less orderly fashion than usual, for the waitress always added a professional air to the place. Mrs. Creedy's deliberate heavy-handedness made him feel like wincing. He was glad to go up to his room and read the morning paper over again.

HE had stayed back at work setting up a rather intricate piece of machinery, a makeshift he had contrived to take the place of something no longer procurable.

Now that was off his mind after a week of concentration, he felt aimless, and had a dread that he had put more thought into it than was necessary. They had done without it before he came; why had he bothered? He had suggested it to Strong, the under-manager, who had agreed. Then it had become his worry.

He felt restless, what could he do with a night that threatened to hang on his hands?

He pulled on his coat and went downstairs.

"Going out, Mr. Smith?" Mrs. Creedy asked. A stupid question, he thought. "Yes." He answered

shortly, and walked into the street. He headed for the town. He noticed the crowd about the doors of the picture show. He might as well go there.

He crossed the street. In the foyer he saw two callow youths being clung to possessively by Ethel's girl friends. The four were in great spirits, and were standing about the door to the stalls.

He looked round instinctively for Ethel. She was in the queue near the window, looking forlorn, and trying to be indifferent. An impulse of pity sent him to her side, just as she reached the window.

"Make it two dress circles," he ordered her, softly, putting a ten-shilling note in her hand.

She stared round at him, lost for the moment.

"Yes?" asked the ticket-girl, an edge to her voice.

"Two dress circles," she said, quickly, but the characteristic quickness held fright this time.

She got his tickets, and gave them to him.

"Well, come on," he said, ungallantly. She noticed one of her girl friends looking round at her, then she smiled, and sailed up the stairs beside him. A kid looking for romance, he thought, as they sat down in their seats. The silence between them became a presence.

Ben Smith, he thought, you've landed yourself. She was fidgeting. No wonder, he decided, he must seem something of a strong man, ordering her about as he did. But what line of small talk did the boys use? The old gang he used to know back there in the city. He thought they might have given Casanova a few hints, but he had never asked for any.

"I gathered the last time we met that your name was Ethel, Ethel what?" He broke the silence, it struck him as an ungainly beginning.

"Ethel Dalton." "Umm, mine's Ben, Ben Smith." "Oh."

"It was only a joke," Ethel protested, with wide, frightened eyes.

"I noticed your two girl friends booked a couple of suckers. How come you couldn't?"

She was blushing madly. "I'm no good at that sort of thing." She had stammered it out somehow.

He noticed Strong with his wife. They were sitting down, and Strong, as he folded his overcoat, was looking straight at Ben. Ben grinned, and tipped two fingers to his forehead. The other smiled back, turned round, and sat down abruptly. Ben turned his attention back to the girl.

"Just as well," he said, putting her at her ease with a sweeping statement. "They're cheap."

"Is that what you think of them?" she asked.

"Yep." The lights dimmed. "And me?" That little whisper was back in her voice.

"Don't go coy or whatever it is, you're not a bad kid, if you only had some sense."

There was no answer, for Donald Duck was holding the screen.

He sat through the first feature. It was a trifling thing. Not nearly as interesting as Ethel Dalton. What was she, really? What did she do for a living? Where did she live? What was her mother thinking of anyway, letting her run round as she did? The kid was the kind who needed a kindly mother to keep her under her wing.

He did not even notice what caused the final kiss on the screen as the lights came up, but Ethel sighed contentedly.

"It wasn't bad, was it?" she asked.

"No, not bad," he lied. She was sitting well back in her chair, and smiling at him. She was not really seeing him, but somehow reliving the picture, yet he grinned back at her crookedly, and he noticed that she could bear to look him in the face, now.

For fear she might take to her heels and run again, if he left her, he bought their ice-creams and chocolates from the boy.

STRONG smiled a sleepy smile over to him as he made his way to the exit. He looked as though the screen in the darkness had been too bright for him, and now the lights were up his eyes were out of focus.

"That's Mr. Strong, isn't it?" Ethel's whisper reached his ears, as she dug into her ice-cream.

"Yes, do you know him?" "Dad works for him." A touch of honest pride.

Dalton, Dalton? That laborer with his wheelbarrow, who was always too tired to get out of his own road, except when Strong or one of the foremen was around?

"So do I," he answered, shortly. "Oh!" She digested the thought.

"But he smiled at you." "He'd better," he said, a little disgustedly.

"Are you very important at the works, Mr. Smith?"

He laughed. "Cut out that Mr. stuff, didn't I tell you my name was Ben?"

"Yes, Ben."

Was he important at the works? Of course he was, and he would make them know it. Gosh, all these years! First, leaving school in the depression, and look at the job he had landed! Handling metal in a foundry. A skinny little rat, he had been, doing the work of a man, and then when he was sixteen, out he went. No, he had not been worth a rise in salary at the foundry.

The aching waiting for another job. And the one he had got in the machine-shop. He had listened to old Davidson's voice. Davidson had talked to him because he did not snicker at him, like the other kids did. Get a trade, Davidson had said, get a trade, and you'll be on your feet. Davidson had wangled his apprenticeship.

Then, there had been Tech, at nights, and struggling with mathematics in his spare time. Tech, and Tech, teaching in his brain for five years. Then he had got his ticket, and the sack as well. Wouldn't that make a man sick? The last two years he had been delivering papers before dawn. And then his country had wanted him to turn out munitions. Plenty of jobs then for the country. The country that had used him like a football had to be saved. Let one of those men at the works ignore him. Just let them.

She saw his face turn hard again, and wondered what she had said to cause such a long silence, to give his eyes that distant look. She was afraid she had said the wrong thing about Mr. Strong.

"Ben," she licked her lips, "I like Clark Gable, don't you?"

"Hurrump," he said, a near-smort, a near-laugh. "He's not bad."

"I think he's lovely."

"I bet he's glad."

"Oh, please, Ben, don't be sarcastic. I know he's rich and got everything he wants, and I'm only a silly fan, but—"

"I wasn't being sarcastic," Ben told her, and looked straight at her, as her face shadowed as the lights went down, again. "It's people like you liking him so much that give him his job, and keep it for him."

"Oh, is that all?" the relief in her voice brought him to himself. He put his hand over hers, and squeezed it. Then he felt her draw away. It was funny that, because it made him sympathetic.

The lights came up again after the film. Once downstairs, they were jostled by the crowd.

"Thrifty?" he asked her.

"No, why?"

"I thought you might like a milkshake."

"No, thank you."

"Well, where to, now? Where's home?"

"Down near the beach."

"Come on then." He put his arm through hers. She hurried him past the shops, towards the sea.

He let her rush him, but as they reached the road where mangroves grew on either side, and they could smell the mud, she was panting with her haste. The kid was scared. He smiled, she was scared of him.

Then among this swampy wilderness, she found a broken fence. The moon came out from behind some clouds and showed the outlines of a shack, tin, and bagging, and unpainted wood.

"Good-bye," she whispered, her hand on a gate, which hung by one hinge.

"Good-bye, darlin'" he murmured. She moved through the gate. Looking back, she saw him still standing there, watching her. She came back, slowly.

"Thank you for a lovely night," she whispered.

"It was nothing," he shrugged, taking a step forward.

They kissed in the gateway, her soft sweet mouth against his hard one. He did not hold her, for he felt a tear on her cheek. She ran down the path to the back of the house.

He put his hands in his pockets, and whistled through his teeth, as he walked back to town. He was thinking deeply, so he walked slowly.

Those at home, living in the splendor of a little fibro cottage that he had financed out of his new wealth, his father away at the front. Good old Dad had passed the doctor by forgetting seven years of his life. How he had got through, Ben did not know. At home, there was security now, and serenity. All the cramped life they had lived in the slums had fallen from them. It had been as though he alone could not adjust himself to better times, all he could do was work. They were not part of his life any more, but Ethel was, because now he thought he knew Ethel, body and soul.

He saw her in town sometimes after that, sometimes he would buy her an ice-cream soda. She used to smile at him gently, then they would both go their own ways. He learned that she worked in the paint and hardware store, she learned that he lived at Mrs. Creedy's house.

They needed no frequent meetings, nor any going about together. He was always too tired, anyway, or he wanted to go home. But he did notice that she was never with the other two, now, perhaps she had grown some sense. Some people wondered, but idly, mainly because Ben was such an unusual man, and Ethel such an unlikely person for him to take into a shop, and buy an ice for. Then, there was really so little to go on, till the fire.

He was up in his room, his head ringing as he did some calculations for Strong. Mathematics and he were ever wrestlers. He heard a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" he asked, getting up.

"Mrs. Creedy," the voice sounded grim. He opened the door.

"There's a girl at the back door to see you, Mr. Smith, and let me tell you, I don't approve of girls comin' here and askin' for my boarders, and at night, late like this."

BEN brushed past her, after grabbing a coat.

"Ethel?" he said to the shadow on the back verandah.

"Yes, Ben." He grabbed her arm, and took her down the back of the house, out the back entrance, into a grassy track.

She was shivering, so he put his arm round her, and drew her to him, kissing her. Then he sniffed, and again, experimentally.

"It's smoke," he said, "smoke in your hair."

"Yes, there's been a fire down at our place, and I think Dad's dead." He led her towards the main street at that.

"You came for me?"

"There was no one else who could help me." They all but ran down the mangrove path. He could smell the smoke, and at last they could see the smouldering ruins.

There was a fat woman there, and two children, standing nearby, looking downcast. In little groups about them were most of the people whom the fire had attracted.

Near the ambulance two silent men were working over the badly-burned body of Dalton.

Ethel pushed past people to her father's side. Ben stood beside her. "Daddy," she all but sobbed.

"Where you been, kid?" he asked in a cracked voice.

"Daddy, you're all right?"

"No, I ain't. I'm going, kid."

"Don't say that." She could not touch his hand as she moved to do so, because of his injuries.

"You look after the kids," he ordered, "your Auntie May ain't no good, she'll stick 'em in a home."

He grew excited. "She only wanted the money I give her, you hear me. If there was only somebody . . ."

"Look here, Dalton," Ben said, kneeling beside him. "I'm Ben Smith, you know me, I work in the tool shop."

"Yes," the other's voice was a gasp.

"Let me marry Ethel, honest, I'll marry Ethel and look after the kids, whoever they are."

"You, Ben Smith." The voice held no control in it. Ben had a sudden

fear the man might die, and he must not, not till he gave his permission for Ethel.

"Ben Smith? Her husband?" the dying man was trying to comprehend it. "Her Auntie May ain't no good. You look after them, mister."

"And Ethel?"

"Yes," he sighed, and his eyes became clouded.

Ben stood up. The ambulance man also rose.

Ethel clung to Ben's arm, but even as she realised the fact that her father was dead, she did not make an outcry.

"What's your name?" Ben asked the ambulance man.

"Phil Gregory, why?"

"You heard him say it was all right between me and Ethel?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I might need your word if a clergyman gets tough. She's such a kid."

"You're not going through with it?"

"I am. I meant what I said."

Cramp, the policeman, walked over to them.



"I meant what I said," Ben told the ambulance man.

"I want all particulars now," he said. "The man's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Gregory.

"We'll go to that shack over there, and settle this."

The two children sat small and silent, their Auntie May sat scowling. They all had marks of burns about them, even as Ethel's clothes were burnt in patches.

"Well, what happened?" asked the town's one policeman.

"It was like this," said Auntie May. "I put on some fat to fry some meat that didn't seem like keeping, and this kid, here, Billie, bumped the handle, and the fat fell in the fire, and then Billie, the silly fool, threw some water over it, and it sort of exploded. Then the chimney caught fire, and the bag wall, and I guess Sid saved us all. The place crashed in on him, you know."

"Haven't they got any mother, these kids?"

"No. I'm their only living relative."

"Hum," Cramp looked worried, "and are you going to have the caring for 'em, Ma'am?"

"I don't see how I can. I got no home, nor nothing. I guess you'll have to send 'em to a home."

"How old are they?"

"Billie, he's ten, and Mary, she's twelve."

"And Ethel?"

"Ethel's sixteen, looks as like she can take care of herself, don't it? Running off and getting a man as soon as my back's turned." She looked at Ben contemptuously. "She ain't nothin' but a worthless little baggage, and I'm washing my hands of her."

Cramp looked at them all, and for all his portly, upstanding authority he looked helpless. He looked at Ben keenly as though that bitter young face could tell him something.

Ben spoke, after clearing his throat. "Dalton, that's the man outside," he jerked with his thumb. "Gave me permission to marry Ethel, and take care of the kids, before he died. Both the ambulance men and Ethel heard him."

Cramp whistled.

Please turn to page 8

ELEANOR

fell the office, ran down the hall and up two flights of stairs. She all but fell into Mr. Driscoll's door. No—Mr. Driscoll wasn't too busy to see her.

"Now, you go back to work," he said, when he'd heard the news. "I like Mamie. I like Mamie very much, indeed. I know just the man to help her. I'll have him at the Edgemoor in fifteen minutes. I'll have him call you when the fire's out."

Eleanor went back to work. Routine had never seemed so dull and so endless. She worked and worked, and waited and waited for the telephone to ring. She had to type one page three times, she made so many mistakes. At five o'clock the call came.

"Miss Hunt?" said a deep voice—male. "This is Douglas Durham, reporting that Mamie is safe, and out of danger."

"Oh, thank heaven!" said Eleanor. "I made the police search the penthouse—never saw so much junk in my life. We finally found the brooch in a pile of clothes Mrs. Van Arsdale had ready to be sent to the cleaners."

"I can't thank you enough," said Eleanor. "It's wonderful—you're wonderful!"

"You may not think so later. There's one small angle on this case that—I'll tell you about that to-morrow. And Miss Hunt—"

"Yes?"

"The Hen Roost is giving Mamie a party. Miss Alsop said to tell you to be sure and come for dinner and bring six large packages of potato chips. Wish I could be there myself."

"Yes, and thank you."

Mr. Problem said, "A man, Miss Hunt?"

Eleanor said, "A man, Mr. Problem." That day Eleanor broke office rule No. 6 for the first time. She retired to the rest-room and started powdering her nose and putting on her hat at five-fifteen, ready for the dash home.

A Matter of Routine

Continued from page 4

The hotel was in a state of excitement.

"There hasn't been anything like it since the roof caught on fire twelve years ago," Miss Alsop told her. "It's all due to you, my dear, and that perfectly wonderful young man you sent to save Mamie."

All evening the Roost held open house. The permanents from the expensive wings came to call. They didn't like the Van Arsdales either, and they did like Mamie.

Next morning, when Eleanor was ready to start to work, in came Mamie. She carried a newspaper. "I didn't snitch it, Miss Eleanor, I just borrowed it. I'll put it right back. I swear I will."

Mamie's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Miss Eleanor, I ain't had so much attention since the time I put my head in the lion's mouth and a fly settled on his nose. Nerping's wonderful, Miss Eleanor. It's wonderful, and it's awful dangerous. I'm scared I've got you in trouble. Read this—"

A gossip item in the city's leading paper: Mrs. Van Arsdale was not mentioned by name. The hotel, Mamie, Eleanor and Eleanor's connection with McCauley, Pitts, Newcomb & Problem were not mentioned by name. No one who knew the city could miss it, or the wit with which Mrs. Van Arsdale had been held up to ridicule.

"When you get home to-night," said Mamie, "I'll have a hot-water bottle ready and two aspirins. I got a hundred dollars saved, Miss Eleanor. I'll lend them to you."

"I'm not worried, Mamie," said Eleanor.

She wasn't worried one bit. She was scared pink. When she arrived at work Miss Shoemaker was waiting in the hall for her.

"Mrs. Van Arsdale is in there with Mr. Problem," she announced. "She's having hysterics, I think. She wants to start a libel suit. Oh, Eleanor—and you know how Mr. Problem hates publicity."

"Yes, I know."

"It makes him ill. It goes straight to his liver. You know that. And that item! And Mr. Van Arsdale one of our best clients."

"He'll feel better when he gets my scalp," Eleanor said. "I'm responsible, you know. I started it. Mamie was only trying to please me."

She went into her office and waited. At last Mr. Problem called her in. He began: "Deploable publicity—justifiable error—offensive yellow journalism."

Somehow Eleanor felt a little sorry for Mr. Problem. He was a fine, honest man, poor dear, and possessed of no more humor than a sardine in a can. She felt so sorry for Mr. Problem that she decided to help him out. She resigned. This Mr. Problem accepted with sorrow—and alacrity.

"I am sorry to say, Miss Hunt,"

Unsought Treasure

Continued from page 7

BEN'S deliberate voice went on, harshly. "He sort of prophesied that this woman would get them off her hands quick and lively, and he knew me."

"Who are you?"

"Ben Smith, engineer at the Annex."

"Oh?" Cramp scratched his head.

"And I suppose you can support the three of them?"

"I reckon I can."

"And this girl? Do you want to marry her?"

"I wouldn't say I would if I didn't."

"But she's only a youngster, would she know her own mind about you?"

"You could ask her."

"Well, what about it?" Cramp asked.

Ethel had been clinging to Ben, but now she stood up straight.

"Ben's the only fellow I would

be concluded, "that for some time I have noticed a change in you. Of course, you will have the usual month's notice."

"Thank you, Mr. Problem," said Eleanor. "and you're right, I have changed. I am the first to admit it."

Perhaps, she thought, she had outgrown McCauley, Pitts, Newcomb & Problem. Perhaps a Mamie had to come along and boot her right out of this job. She'd always been afraid of being out of work. She'd seen too many other girls go through the cycle—the weeks and months of looking for an opening, the dwindling bank account, the yelp for relatives to stand by. Now that it had happened, she wasn't afraid. It was like having a tooth pulled. You said to the dentist, "You mean it's all over?" and he said, "Wasn't so bad, was it?"

"You mean?"

"One of our girls is getting married in two months. You think you could stick it out that long?"

Douglas Durham spoke for her. "She's my client," he said. "I advise her to take it. Besides, my office is right next door. I can drop in often."

When she went back to work that afternoon, Eleanor was right back where she started—in a daze. So much had happened she wasn't afraid of anything any more. Life was vital and interesting again. Why, she knew some new men, and if she read the signs right, this Douglas Durham was going to prove as much fun as he looked.

She picked up the directory, turned to the P's, ran her finger down the page. Dr. Ann Peabody—Evergreen 2234.

She was smiling as she dialled the number.

MR. DRISCOLL'S

secretary called up and asked her to come up on the roof for lunch. He wanted to talk to her.

"I won't tell him what happened," Eleanor thought. "He's done enough. I'm not going to appeal to anybody for sympathy."

It wasn't necessary. When she walked on to the roof there was Mr. Driscoll, with his secretary and a nice-looking young man with a quizzical, lopsided grin.

The young man said loudly, "I knew it. I knew it. She's been fired."

"No, I wasn't," said Eleanor. "I resigned."

Mr. Driscoll said, "And high time, too. A napper is wasted on Mr. Problem. Might as well hang the Mona Lisa in a tomb. Now if you came to work for Driscoll, Hale & McCord—"

"You mean?"

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Therefore, every subscription you make to War Loans (or National Savings Bonds or War Savings Certificates) is invested in Australia's security, in your country's preservation, and in your own ultimate well-being.

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Say Goodbye to CHAPPED HANDS



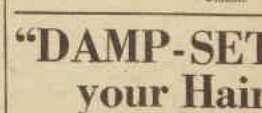
My poor rough fingers couldn't bear the twice another minute. Coming home, Mrs. C. caught me up. "My dear," she said, "why don't you get Rexona Ointment for those hands."



I'd tried so many things! But that night I smoothed Rexona over my reddened hands as she suggested. To my surprise the smarting was eased almost at once!

What a relief! In a day or so my hands were quite smooth again! Naturally, I've kept up the Rexona treatment ever since. Nothing's so trouble now!

Its special combination of six healing ingredients makes Rexona Ointment the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.



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Movie World

Hollywood wives economise

By VIOLA MACDONALD
in Hollywood

DURING the past year a great transformation has come over Hollywood's feminine stars. Those with husbands in the forces — and that means the majority of topflight glamor girls — are adapting themselves in every way to meet the new wartime conditions.

Ann Sheridan told me that now her husband, George Brent, is going into the Navy she is moving back into the home where she lived before her marriage. This, for the duration, she'll share with another service wife, Brenda Marshall, whose husband, William Holden, is an Army private in a camp somewhere on the east coast.

"We war wives must stick together," said Ann firmly. "Brenda and I feel we can keep up each other's morale and together work out plans for war work. It is silly that we two, who are really great friends, should keep up two homes. And," concluded Ann, with a twinkle, "we have plans to entertain other Hollywood war wives as week-end guests."

Canteen work

JANE WYMAN, Veronica Lake, and Marsha Hunt, all Army wives, are enthusiastic about the idea. We are thinking out plans to economise, such as driving together to the studio, and to co-operate in selling War Bonds and working in canteens in our spare time.

Husbands of the three girls Ann mentioned are recent recruits to the Army. Veronica is married to John Detlie, a former art director at Paramount, and has a baby girl, Elaine, not yet a year old.

Jane's husband is actor Ronald Reagan, now on active service as lieutenant of Army Cavalry, and they have a baby daughter (Maureen), too. Marsha is married to good-looking young architect Jerry Hopper.

Many house-for-sale signs dot luxurious estates as married stars close up their homes and take tiny flats near Army posts.

For example, Mary Pickford closed the fabulous show place, Pickfair, and moved to Florida in order to keep house for her husband, Buddy Rogers, who is a flying instructor in the Navy Air Corps.

Rosalind Russell had planned to sell her big house and cut her picture work in halves in order to follow husband, Freddie Brisson to whatever Army camp he was assigned.

But now Freddie's somewhere overseas on active service—and Ros is undecided as to what to do about the house.

Keeps home going

ON the other hand, Deanna Durbin (Mrs. Vaughn Paul) has no intention of closing down her home, preferring to live there alone awaiting the return of Vaughn, who is on service with the U.S. Navy.

Deanna declares that she would rather live in the home they designed and built together than elsewhere, and she is not a bit lonely. Deanna added that she has no time for self pity, as she uses her free moments making records for the troops.

Other film star wives have different ways of adapting themselves to the war.

Tyrone Power's sister is moving in with Annabella, as Tyrone is rushing the final scenes of his last film, "The Black Swan," before gathering his kit to join the Navy.

Other stars who will soon be in the same boat are Arleen Whelan (Mrs. Alexander D'Arcy) and Gene Tierney (Countess Oleg Cassini), whose husbands are both joining the Army, Cassini having recently become an American citizen. Gene's 16-year-old sister, Pat, who has her eye on a Hollywood career, has joined Gene for the duration.



● One of Hollywood's most beautiful stars who is an Army wife is Warners' Brenda Marshall (above), wife of U.S. Army Private Bill Holden. They are expecting a baby this year.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note: "Nocturne" in "Sun" recently brought me between £5 and £6.

"Three serials returned me £185." "For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £5/10/6."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers 'Sun' and 'The Bulletin' to the amount of £7/10/-, which I think is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by JVO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/10/0 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £8/10/0 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £3 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' Tully Pulla Through."

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Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbours do—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

LAUGHING AT THE NAZIS



1 SHOT down in Holland, American R.A.F. flier Chris (Tone) eludes hunt.



2 DISCOVERED by Nazi Zellfritz (Joselyn) billeted in Dutch home, Chris poses as unpleasant husband of hostess, Anita (Joan Bennett), whom Zellfritz is courting.



3 INSISTENCE by Zellfritz that Anita "divorce" Chris immediately leads to court case which frees her from real spouse.



4 LEAVING HOME, Anita goes to manage Home for Old Ladies, but promises to help Chris foil the Gestapo.

Dutch setting

COLUMBIA'S "Yank in Dutch," set in Holland, ridicules the Nazis from its foreword. This states: "resemblance to any Nazi characters is intentional and not coincidental."

The chief burlesque is left to actor Allyn Joselyn as the Nazi major who is quartered in a Dutch household and who courts the pretty young Dutchwoman (Joan Bennett).



5 PERSUADING Anita to go out with Zellfritz and spy on him, Chris is able to circumvent Nazi plans, but can't resist baiting Zellfritz, who is highly suspicious.



6 ARRESTED for disfiguring a picture of the Fuhrer, Chris is put on trial, and through Zellfritz's insistence is condemned by Nazis to be shot at once.



7 AIDED by Old Ladies' Home Countess (Cecil Cunningham, right), Anita persuades court to allow her to "remarry" her "husband" before his execution.



8 SUMMONING Old Ladies, Countess leads them to set off city's central air-raid siren control so that Chris and Anita may escape in confusion.

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Cleared Terrible
RASH
From
FACE
and
NECK

"I must write and let you know of the marvellous cure Germolene has made of my face. My face and neck were covered with a terrible rash for four weeks, keeping me from my work. I decided to try Germolene and in two weeks the rash disappeared and I was back at work. Thanks a million!"
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Prices: 1/6 and 3/6.

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Kellogg's Rice Bubbles start up their friendly little chorus of Snap! Crackle! Pop! — as soon as you pour milk on them. They come to you oven-crisp. So crisp, they float in milk — never go soggy or mushy. What's more, Rice Bubbles are a sustaining food — wholesome, and easy to digest. Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles next time you're down the street.

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Scene from Goldwyn's next RKO film, "Pride of the Yankees," with Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig and Gary Cooper as Lou Gehrig, the late famous baseball star.

This is the real Sam Goldwyn

MOVIE PIONEER WHO COINED FILM GLAMOR

From WILLIAM HEBERT in Hollywood

PRODUCER Sam Goldwyn has inspired more stories than any other man in Hollywood.

Most of these stories are untrue.

The real Goldwyn is as contradictory as that opening statement.

Hollywood itself is divided about the man who made "Wuthering Heights," "The Hurricane," "Dead End," "The Masquerader," "Dodsworth," and who came back into film production recently with "The Little Foxes."

Half Hollywood talks about his charm, his wit, and his generosity. The other half declares that as a film producer he has the cunning of a silk-worm; and, as a business man, he is the type that eats his young.

The real Goldwyn, the film producer, makes his pictures one at a time, in his own studio, with his own financing. He never makes a story unless enthusiastic about it.

Sixty-year-old Goldwyn, born in Poland and raised as an orphan,

vaulted from obscurity as a 51-a-week factory employee, and has not forgotten it. He arrived in America at the age of 11, having emigrated in the steerage.

The first motion pictures he ever saw were screened in the grimy little Herald Square Theatre, in New York. They were only 500-foot reels, but convinced him that if people would come and laugh at nothing more amusing than actors throwing pillows at each other the movies must have something.

With his brother-in-law, Jesse L. Lasky, Goldwyn formed a producing company with a capital of \$5000. They sent a young stage director, Cecil B. de Mille, up to Harlem to see how pictures were made at the Edison Company. De Mille studied the technique for a day.

Their first picture, "The Squaw Man," which was also the first feature-length film produced in the States, was made in an old barn in Hollywood. It was begun on December 29, 1913, starred Dustin Farnum, and was directed by de Mille.

In 1918 Goldwyn organized the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, under which Mae Marsh, Maxine Elliott, Will Rogers, Geraldine Farrer, Jack Pickford, Alleen Pringle, Conrad Nagel, and Claire Windsor appeared. Goldwyn sold his interests to Metro, and the next year was unanimously elected an owner-member of United Artists Corporation by its other members, who were Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin, and Gloria Swanson.

One of Goldwyn's earliest players was Vilma Bangor, whom he brought from Hungary. His most recent is Teresa Wright, whom he took from an ingenue role on Broadway. He discovered Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. He turned Merle Oberon from the exotic, gold-dust type into a natural girl. He looted the stage for people like Melvyn Douglas, Helen Hayes, and Eddie Cantor.

Goldwyn took glamor and gave it the Hollywood meaning. He admires women who have intellectual ability as well as a striking presence.

He thinks women should wear their hair simply, and he detests earrings. He gives his starlets hair-brushes with the advice that they brush their hair 150 times morning and night. And most of them do it.

He thinks that women who are pretty don't need earrings, and that women who are plain only attract attention to their plainness by wearing them.

Enjoys a fight

PRODUCER Goldwyn likes a fight.

When disagreements developed with United Artists, he took the matter to court and refused to make another picture for a year and a half until the case was settled.

When he came back to make "The Little Foxes," it was with a releasing agreement through RKO.

He will follow "The Pride of the Yankees," starring Cooper as Lou Gehrig, with "Treasure Chest," a comedy starring Bob Hope; "Washington Drama," a comedy-melodrama with official Washington as its background; and "Swing Hit," a modern comedy with music introducing many new faces.

In a recent conference his staff was discussing a director of whom one of them said, "He's a great director, but he needs a great producer." Goldwyn, who always produces his own pictures, said, "Well, where can I hire a great producer?"

He is conscious of his position in the affairs of Hollywood, but the way in which he is sometimes unconsciously conscious of it is amusing. Stopping off in Chicago on a transcontinental trip, he walked to

the telephone in his hotel suite, picked it up, and said, "Get me my office."

He didn't identify himself, or say anything further; but the operator got him the United Artists Chicago exchange, which was the office he wanted.

Goldwyn, the talker, has never heard most of the gags attributed to him, much less authored them. Some of them he thinks are very good—especially that one about the business deal . . . "Include me out!"

About three nights a week, Goldwyn spends at meetings for charity, various sorts of war relief, and civic organizations. Intensely independent, informed, and a great believer in his own judgment, he relies 100 per cent. on only two people—his wife and his chauffeur.

Most recent studio picture of Sam Goldwyn himself, who hates personal publicity and dodges Press photographers.



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If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning, Figen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figen is sold by chemists everywhere. The next best thing to Nature . . .

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Quick Way to Relieve HÆMORRHOIDS

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal treatment must be used. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vacuoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee. ***

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Tilt your head back. Put up each nostril a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Nol. Takes only a few seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

As the tingling medication spreads through the inflamed nose-passages, you feel swollen membranes shrink. Irritation disappears, clogging mucus loosens. You breathe again . . . long, cool, delightfully clear breaths.

Begin now to enjoy new nose comfort. Keep Vapo-Nol handy. Use it freely.

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Night stuffiness won't spoil sleep if you use a few drops of Vapo-Nol to clear your nose.

Sinus ache is often eased by Vapo-Nol. By keeping sinuses open and clear, it avoids the congestion that causes throbbing pain.

Prevent many colds—by using Vapo-Nol at the first sign. It helps Nature to throw off colds before they really start.

Sneezing, caused by stuffed-up nose and breathing through mouth, is avoided by using Vapo-Nol.



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2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
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SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Dull, cloudy, soap-washed side. RIGHT—Bright, shining "Colimated" side.

Here are the strictest and most convincing tests ever made on a shampoo. Unique "half-head" tests—one side washed with Colimated foam, the other with a soap or powder shampoo—show amazing results. Hair brighter, more manageable. Takes better "perms"—faster.

THIS revolutionary Colimated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that completely washes away all grease, dirt and loose dandruff. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scurf" or oily residue to remove. Test it yourself—and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. Make a note to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colimated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)



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Gives a velvety surface, to which face powder clings without caking.

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FOR THE NORMAL OR DRY SKIN

Protects the dry skin and gives a very smooth, flexible base for matching face powder.

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Rachel • Peche • Sungold • Hawaiian Tan



"WE ARE ONLY a helpless fishing craft," shouted the captain of the trawler when a Japanese submarine opened fire on his unarmed vessel.

—Impression by artist JOHN MILLS.

When Japs made murderous attack on trawler N.E.S. did magnificent mercy job

By a staff reporter at the scene of action

To the women of an N.E.S. volunteer group in a little coastal town came the first call of the war to deal as first-aiders with terribly wounded men, victims of a brutal Japanese submarine attack on a defenceless fishing trawler.

Fourteen women and girls, the youngest 15, the eldest 52, attended men riddled by machine-gun fire, laid out the dead, comforted the shell-shocked.

It was a tremendous test for women whose experience was confined to the unemotional atmosphere of practice bandagings and first-aid lectures. They came through with flying colors.

THE little town awakened to the sound of gunfire and from their windows startled women saw the red flashes of firing only seventeen miles

from shore. They knew this was the real thing.

And then the phones started ringing, calling them out to the sad task for which they had long trained themselves, rendering first aid to victims of enemy attack.

From their farms and their homes they hurried to their post while flashes from the submarine's guns still lit the horizon as it poured shells into the unarmed trawler.

Their N.E.S. organiser had sent for them.

She was not in bed when the firing started.

She was on duty, manning the air-observation post, scanning the sky for an attack from above when the enemy struck from out at sea.

The port pilot rang her, urgency in his voice as he asked for first-aiders, stretcher parties . . . warmth and cheer for men who had learned of Japanese ruthlessness at first hand.

She knew she could rely on her workers, on their nerve and their efficiency.

Quickly she called out the doctor, warned the hospital of the sudden tasks to be thrust on it, then phoned round to members of her N.E.S. group.

First woman to arrive on the spot was one who, with her husband,

THIS was the letter written by Captain William Reid, skipper of the trawler, to the N.E.S. first-aid group which looked after the crew:

"On behalf of myself and members of the crew I wish to express my gratitude and appreciation of the splendid service rendered by you and your assistants.

"I understand this is the first time that your local N.E.S. organisation has been required to perform its task as the actual results of war injury.

"I am indeed very impressed by the way women wearing N.E.S. armbands readily presented themselves to assist our wounded men ashore.

"I sincerely hope that all New South Wales N.E.S. posts will be able to give as good an account of themselves when the need arises.

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM REID,

"Skipper."

headed to the port from their farm six miles away. She'd seen something of the sea tragedy from her hill-top home. She was ready.

Hours before the rescue ship with its sad cargo reached the port, the entire personnel of the women's group were at their posts.

"We built a blazing fire at the wharf," said the N.E.S. organiser, "and stood by. We got hot-water bottles, hot food and drinks ready."

"From house to house our workers went asking for what was needed, blankets, clothes, medical aids. Everybody seemed to want to give all they possessed."

"But everybody in the town did wonderful work, as well as the N.E.S. group," she said.

"One of our men turned out with his ordinary lorry, which was fitted up as an ambulance for the stretcher cases."

"Nobody who saw the terrible sight of the dead and wounded will ever forget this act of Japanese brutality."

"But the N.E.S. women reacted marvellously and went about their work with efficiency."

"Women helped the wounded in the hospital, and laid out the terribly mutilated bodies in the morgue."

"These men were butchered by their brutal Japanese attackers."

"We saw men with enough wounds to kill a hundred people."

"Seeing these brave men enduring their terrible ordeal and taking away their bloodstained clothes was a job that had to be done."

"Not one of the women turned a hair as they went about their work."

"Some of the women had been working all the previous night in the local hospital, which is badly understaffed."

"Others had done long shifts at an observation post in between work-



AUSTRALIAN FIRST-AID WORKERS training for action. A group of such workers acquitted themselves splendidly after the submarine attack on a fishing trawler.

ing on farms and in businesses.

Another woman had been working on her husband's bakery cart all day, taking the place of her husband, who is in the Army. She had also done her turn at the observation post.

She turned out promptly at the alarm with her sister-in-law.

A 21-year-old member of the first-aid group was there with the oldest N.E.S. worker, aged 52.

Two sisters, who are doing all the work of men on a sheep run, also turned out, with a friend, who came to the scene from ten miles out.

There was another worker, who seldom sees her home these days.

She does two full nights (all night) duty at the hospital, mans the observation post, and works in the N.E.S. first-aid group.

Lastly, there were two young schoolgirls from the local convent, both aged 15.

They had done a full day's work at the hospital twelve hours previously.

They had been taught first aid at weekly classes at the convent, and were prepared for their task.

"They helped all day preparing the stretchers, collecting blankets, clothing and comforts for the wounded, and did a wonderful job," said a member of the N.E.S. group.

She said that the organisation learned some valuable lessons from their grim task which would be passed on to the authorities.

"We found that having supplies at set points for an emergency was not necessary when you have good neighbors," she said.

"We had good neighbors plenty in this emergency, and all the townspeople gave us everything we needed."

"We all hope we will not be called on again for such a grim task, but the women here are ready and prepared for any emergency."

After their terrible ordeal most of the women went back to take their turn at the air-observation post.

Others were about to catch up on their domestic duties when the N.E.S. post received an urgent call from the hospital for four N.E.S. girls to help them there.

Four girls volunteered instantly, went to the hospital and did a ten-hour shift.

The baker's wife went out on her bakery cart to deliver the day's bread.

She was late on her round but nobody complained. They all knew that she had done a fine job in the grim emergency before setting out on her round.

Their work earned the grateful thanks of the crew and the master of the trawler, Captain William Reid, who, in spite of his own exhaustion at the end of a long night, sat down and wrote a heartfelt letter of appreciation.

"We will never forget your noble work."

"Your post is a credit to the women's section of the N.E.S., and a model for other posts throughout Australia to follow."

"Your organisation was wonderfully efficient, and you thought of everything for our comfort."

"We are all deeply grateful."



CAPTAIN WILLIAM REID, skipper of the fishing trawler of 300 tons attacked by a Japanese submarine.



CHIEF ENGINEER GEORGE REID, the skipper's brother, who is still in hospital.



SECOND ENGINEER J. REID, the skipper's cousin, who was treated for shock.

Editorial

AUGUST 15, 1942

HELP TO FIX PRICES

DISTURBING evidence that many shopkeepers are overcharging for goods that are scarce is being brought forward all over Australia.

The housewife suffers most from this ugly, if small-scale, grab at wartime profits.

She has the responsibility of making the wartime income stretch to cover the family needs.

If an unscrupulous trader takes an extra penny for a pound of potatoes there will be one penny orange fewer with the order — always providing there are any oranges selling at a penny.

No less culpable than the dishonest shopkeeper are the people with pennies to spare who knowingly allow themselves to be overcharged in order to get what they want.

Officials in Canberra point out that they, too, are guilty of an offence and could be prosecuted.

They ask that people who discover they have been overcharged and wish to lodge a complaint should try to send with their complaint a docket showing the shopkeeper's name, the article bought, and the price.

Only such concrete evidence makes punishment possible.

Black markets and price rackets can flourish only through unlawful co-operation between buyer and shopkeeper.

Every citizen has a clear duty to report the profiteering shopkeeper.

If such action is not taken by the individual, rackets will thrive apace until honest traders are pushed out of business by their dishonest rivals.

—THE EDITOR.



AUSTRALIAN AIEMEN at a port on their way overseas. Left to right: Cpl. Rex. Wyatt, Sgt. Alan Eaglund, W.-O. Tom Cusack, Sgt. Bill Worth, A.C. Ron Males, A.C. Max Parkin. Sent by Mrs. Bill Worth, Bowen St., Adelaide, S.A.

Airman tells how it feels to bail out

"LETTERS from our Boys" this week are chosen from many received from gallant young men in the Air Force.

Wireless Air-Gunner Kent in the North of Scotland to his father, Mr. W. G. Kent, Parsons Ave., Strathfield, N.S.W.:

"FRIDAY the 13th must have been our lucky day.

"In the same crew as myself are four Aussies and two Englishmen.

"We were up 4000 feet. I was tail-gunner of this flight, and we were launching flares.

"Unfortunately, one caught around the tail wheel, and as they have a candle-power of about the million mark the heat of it set the tail turret on fire.

"We tried to put it out, but the fire extinguishers weren't much good and we couldn't open the doors of the turret as the ammunition was exploding with the heat.

"After fifteen minutes the captain said: 'There is only one thing to do.'

"So we did. The worst of it was it was night and pitch black.

"I was second out. The navigator pushed himself out through the hatch and that was the last I saw of him until next morning.

"It was a lovely sensation falling over, even before you pull the rip-cord.

"I didn't count 'three,' but just watched the aircraft sail over above me as I was falling.

"Then I gave a heave on the rip-cord and it was wonderful to see the parachute open.

"It took four minutes to reach the ground, and I had to feel the earth to realise I had landed.

"I was rolled over a few times and got a twist in my knee, but that's O.K. now.

"We all landed in different parts about 40 miles from the camp.

"One pilot lost his flying boots on the way down, but I think he must have dived out head first, then tried to make a swallow dive out of it.

"Noel landed in a pine forest. Luckily the trees were only about 6ft. high, and Noel is just over 6ft., and he got off with a few scratches on one side of his face.

"Frank McGeehan dislocated his

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

shoulder by striking a pole as he landed on someone's farm. He is in hospital at present, but doing fine.

"The two English chaps landed on rooftops and unhurt.

"We all got back to the camp next morning after a lot of wading and walking.

"Just imagine the scare one would give walking up to a little farm house at 1.30 a.m., knocking them out of bed to ask if you could use their phone.

"There you are, standing at the door all wrapped around in a parachute, as they are terrible things to handle once they are open.

"I am most annoyed. I left my cap in the aircraft. They are as precious as gold over here. Also I'm kicking myself I did not souvenir my ripcord.

"We were all congratulated by the C.O. Also we are now members of the 'Caterpillar Club,' only open to those who have been saved by a parachute."

Cpl. P. M. Benison, R.A.A.F., to his workmates in Footscray, Vic.:

"WE were out of petrol and had turned for home when the weather started to close in.

"Before long we were in a real pea-soup fog. We eventually got slightly off course.

"There was only one place in England that we had a chance of getting in, and that place was surrounded by cliffs. We made for the open sea rather than risk running into the cliffs.

"We eventually came to a stop, but not before we had broken off one float and nearly turned over.

"The waves were at least 14 to 15 feet high, so we were fortunate in having only one injury.

"The 'kite' finally turned over, and we had to swim for it.

"It must have been our lucky day, because a destroyer spotted us, and we were taken on board after being in the sea for about fifteen minutes."

A.C. Stanleigh-Clarke in the Middle East to his sister, Mrs. C. Missen, Campbell Hill Rd., Old Guildford, N.S.W.:

"HERE I am back again at work after ten days' glorious holiday at the beach.

"The boys got hold of an old deserted German tractor, which was later nicknamed 'Panzer Division.'

"After getting it in working condition we had the time of our lives in the Panzer doing a spot of hill-climbing and touring about the place.

"The second day I went for another stroll, and made my way a little more inland.

"I came across what had once been a German camp, and there found a large stack of German pay-books.

"On looking through them it opened my eyes to find that 90 per cent. of the late owners had been boys no more than 15 or 16 years of age.

"It is hard to realise that there is a country which would be so callous as to put boys of that age in the front line.

"I was lucky enough to get on to a trip to Tobruk. I had a grand time touring around 'the most bombed city in the world.'

"The people of Australia have something to be justly proud of in the boys of our A.I.F. who so determinedly, when completely surrounded, made that never-to-be-forgotten stand there for months on end, with no sign of relief in sight.

"I only hope that before this war finishes I can grasp the courage and spirit which was theirs, and also the example which they set us to follow to final victory."

Sgt. Harold Lamb, R.A.A.F., then in Canada, to his wife in Sidwell Ave., East St. Kilda, Vic.:

"MY two coppers and I were having a look round the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, when a white-haired old lady came up and spoke to us.

"I nearly fell over backwards when she introduced herself as Ella Shields, of 'Burlington Bertie' fame. "She said she was just opening a nightclub, 'Ches Maurice', and invited us to dinner and the show. We went along, dinner at eight, and floor show started at nine.

"To my surprise, this white-haired old lady came on transformed and did 'Burlington Bertie' just as if she was in the flower of youth again."

Interesting People



GROUP-CAPT. H. N. WARREN

... meteorology

FORMERLY director of R.A.A.F. meteorological services, Group-Captain Warren, Melbourne, has been appointed director of combined weather services of Allied Air Forces in Australia. Supervises operational control, use and disposal of manpower of combined service. Before war was Commonwealth Works Officer, Tasmania.



MISS V. MURPHY

... Red Cross Social Service

APPOINTED director of the new social service department of Red Cross in N.S.W., Miss Viva Murphy trained as an almoner and social service worker in Melbourne and Sydney after graduating in Arts at Melbourne University. Her new duties include the care of discharged sick soldiers and their dependents.



MR. S. C. LU

... Bank of China here

MANAGER of first Chinese bank in Australia is Mr. S. C. Lu. Formerly sub-manager of Singapore branch of Bank of China, which is owned by Government of China, he has been appointed agent of the newly-opened Sydney branch. Mr. Lu is Arts graduate of Illinois University, U.S.A.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

SPECTACULAR events and changes will affect many people this week, for the planetary positions are unusual and important.

This is especially so on August 12, when the Moon partially eclipses the Sun, and soon after favors Mercury. As a result big decisions and pleasing news are possible.

August 11 should also prove highly favorable, particularly for those born under the signs of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius. All these people should strive to advance their affairs now.

Taurians, however, should exercise care. There are indications that the week will prove definitely troublesome. Scorpions, too, will require to be on their best behaviour if they are to avoid trouble.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A week for activity and opportunity. Plan well and work hard, especially on August 11 (best from 7 to 9 a.m. and after 8 p.m.), August 12 (best in afternoon), and August 13 (forenoon).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A troubling week for the unwary. Beware of obstacles, disappointments, arguments, and delays, especially on August 11, 12, 13, 16 (late) and 17 (early). Avoid changes and losses.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The week favors semi-important projects. August 11 (forenoon and mid-evening), August 12 (afternoon), August 13 (forenoon), August 16 (afternoon), and August 17 (from noon to 3 p.m.) very fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Uneventful days for most Cancerians. Routine affairs will prove wisest. August 18 (from noon onward only) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A big week possible, so plan ahead. August 11 (from 7 to 9 a.m. and after 8 p.m.) very good. Also August 12 (best in afternoon) and August 13 (forenoon). August 16 (near sunrise and afternoon) and August 17 (from noon to 3 p.m.) very fair. August 13 (p.m.) and August 18 (a.m.) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Better times come soon, so get routine tasks in hand now and plan ahead. August 13 (evening) poor; August 18 (p.m.) fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Minor possibilities on August 11 (from 7 to 9 a.m. and in the evening). Also August 16 (sunrise and afternoon) and August 17 (from noon to 3 p.m.).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be on guard. Pitfalls abound this week, especially on August 18 (to 1 p.m.). August 11, 12, and 13 poor, too. Avoid changes, opposition, partings, discord, aggression, new ventures, and losses.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Good times possible. Get busy seeking changes, opportunities, gains, and promotion, especially on August 11 (from 7 to 9 a.m. and in the evening), August 12 (afternoon), and August 13 (morning only). August 16 and 17 (afternoons) very fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Things improve soon. Meanwhile, August 14, August 15 (early afternoon), and August 18 (from 1 p.m. only) just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A week of upset, loss, partings, and a general inability to get things done as you want them, so take things quietly and cautiously and avoid all changes, arguments, and rashness. This is especially the case on August 18 (morning), August 11, 12, 13, and August 18 (p.m.) poor, too.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Use August 18 (from noon onward only) to get important and urgent matters attended to. Live the rest of the week quietly.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have established that **THE OCTOPUS:** Head of the international spy ring, which they smashed, is still alive. Having secured evidence suggesting his presence at a big naval shipyard they gain entrance to the yard, and although

THE MANAGER: Insists that The Octopus is dead, and that the yard is so heavily guarded that there is no danger, he accompanies them on an inspection. Meantime, two agents of The Octopus are at work. A barrel of shavings is "accidentally" overturned, and a white-hot bolt thrown into the shavings. This starts a fire. **NOW READ ON:**





COOKS turn out deliciously-baked buns for luncheon for the men at an Allied Works Council camp.



"ALMOST LIKE HOME," said Mr. A. C. Lucas, 51, married, when asked how he liked his dinner. Mr. D. Jones, 52, married, said: "Couldn't be better, except for the bread."

Good tucker and comfort at labor camp

Men have only two grumbles—cut lunches and cold showers

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Home economist to The Australian Women's Weekly

I have just returned from a visit to an Allied Works Council labor camp.

I had read complaints of the food served in the camps and as food has been my life study I wanted to see for myself just how the men were being fed.

MY visit was an informal, given me throughout the full surprise one, but every day I spent there, facility for inspection was I was in and out of the camp

kitchens several times during my visit.

Your kitchens are not more spotless than the kitchens of Mr. Alfred Forth, chief cook at this labor camp.

Here are scrubbed floors, scrubbed benches, black polished fuel stoves, rows of polished soyer coppers, clean cloths over the foods already prepared for next meal.

The camp I visited is lucky because Mr. Forth has been a chief in leading city hotels for over 30 years.

For the last two years he has been a civilian cook with the Army and, said Mr. Forth, the conditions in the kitchens and mess huts here are exactly the same as in the Army camps.

Mr. Forth's assistant, Mr. B. Jones, was a baker at Jenolan Caves.

"No, we don't use cook books," said Mr. Forth. "We follow the set menus, of course, but the recipes come out of our heads."

This was in answer to the murmuring approval after tasting a fruit and nut packed luncheon.

Good cooks

"YOU'RE lucky," I said to Mr. C. H. Gibbs, the camp manager. "Surely not many camps can boast two first-class chefs in the kitchen. What will you do if they are drafted to another camp or you have to extend the kitchens further?"

"Train my own cooks," said Mr. Gibbs. "I'm a master caterer myself, and was for years an instructor at the famous Westminster school for chefs in London."

The mess house, not far from the kitchen, is planned on Army lines, with double hessian walls and double doors and wire gauze.

In summer, water pipes will drip from the roof over the walls.

In the mess huts, where the men eat, are long scrubbed tables and benches. At one end is a huge fireplace (it could roast an ox), and a great log fire was burning in it.

At the other end of the mess hut are the stewards' pantries and the serving tables railed off in cafeteria style.

Here the men line up, each with his cup, knife, and fork, and get their plates of soup, meat, and vegetables, sweets, and tea or coffee.

Two stewards were in charge of this hut, which seats 250 men. One steward had been at sea for 30 years.

They keep the place as clean as a navy deck, wash up the men's plates after each meal, and cut the lunches.

Outside the hut the men wash up their own cups and cutlery. These are kept separate for hygienic purposes.

The floor of the main section of the mess hut is of raked gravel. It is comfortable and dry.

To cement or board the floor would be a colossal expense, and the transitory nature of the job hardly warrants it.

In the office of Mr. C. H. Gibbs, the camp manager, and in the cement-floored store-room that opens from it, I went into the question of the menus and supplies and quantity allowances.

At all labor camps all food rations are indented from the Army, and Army menus are followed.

So the labor corps worker gets the same food as the soldier in camp. Army menus are changed every three months to meet seasonal needs



"NOT TOO BAD," says Mr. H. Foster, 53, former carrier, as he inspects his midday sandwiches. He wishes he were working closer to the camp so that he could have his midday meal there.

and to make use of seasonal supplies.

These menus allow sufficient food for men doing heavy manual work.

Calorie or energy units total nearly 4000 per day. This is quite adequate. There is ample protein food (meat and egg) to build and repair tissue used up in physical labor.

and "three" meals on four days a week.

Potatoes are served twice a day. At least one green vegetable is served every day, and an average of six eggs (two at a time) served to each man each week.

Butter on the table is not stinted, and if a man prefers a long drink of milk to tea or coffee with his meal, milk is there in big jugs on the cafeteria server for him to pour.

There is plenty of jam, cheese, sauces and condiments.

For breakfast, fried eggs and bacon are served twice a week, scrambled eggs once, steak once, hamburgers, instead of the doubtful-content sausage, are served with onion gravy once, and sometimes twice a week. Oatmeal porridge with milk and sugar is the order of every day.

For lunch in the mess hut, salads are off for the very cold months, but will be returning to the menu later in the year. Haricot mutton and potatoes, with jam tart and custard, was the lunch I saw served. Irish stew, cottage pie, and meat pie, with cereal custards, fruit and custard, or jam and cheese, are on the lists for other days.

For Dinner: Roast mutton or beef or boiled joints, with soup to begin, and a steamed or boiled pudding is the menu each night.

The dinner

THE dinner I saw in preparation—barley broth, roast mutton, baked potatoes, cauliflower and white sauce, and steamed brown pudding and custard.

I tasted the pudding and asked for the recipe as it was so good.

The Cut Luncheon: There are only two things the men grumble about—the cut luncheon and the cold showers.

The area of the camp is very big, and transport at midday is not easy. The time for lunch is 42 minutes, and wherever possible the men do get back to camp for the midday meal.

Some of the men not yet living in also come in for the meal, and pay 1/4 a time.

For the packed lunches taken out on the job, six slices of bread are allowed for the sandwiches. Each slice is buttered and the fillings vary. To-day one sandwich was of bully beef, one of baked beans, and one of jam.

There was also a large rock cake

and sufficient mixed tea (or cocoa), dried milk, and sugar to make one pint.

Camp pie and cheese are frequently used for the sandwiches, and fruit is packed as often as the Army allowances provide it.

Now, what's the grumble? Well, it's the bread. I tasted it, and must say I prefer city bread. It is condensed, close-textured type, and usually by the time of delivery a day or two old.

Taste is not bad, but it is slightly rubbery to chew.

Mr. H. Foster, 53, a carrier in civilian life, was caught inspecting his lunch. "It's not too bad!" he said, philosophically.

Mr. D. Jones, 52, who served for two years and four months with the Second A.I.F., said: "The food is excellent, and it's excellently cooked, except the bread, and that is awful."

"But very fresh bread is not good for you," I answered, "and this is eatable."

Buy own bread

"NOT for me," said Mr. Jones. "I never touch it, and lots of the men buy their own bread in the village. That tastes like a luxury after this."

The other grumble is on the question of hot versus cold water.

These men have been looked after in good homes for many years. Many of them are quite unaccustomed to hard physical work.

They find the work dirty, and would like a hot bath or shower every day. They find the basin-wash not good enough.

Sufficient numbers of cold showers have been installed, but, unlike the young soldiers, these men are not of an age when they can start plunging under cold showers each morning or night.

Clothes washing is not a problem to most of the men. Plenty of soap is to be bought in the canteens, there are coppers for hot water, the basins are big, there's plenty of drying ground and, after all, it's weekends at home, up to now, for 75 per cent. of the men.

The same goes for the mending. It can be taken home, although Mr. E. Bruce, 48, a former barman, was doing some neat sewing on a pair of underpants during a few minutes of the midday session.

The men are not provided with any clothes, but as award working rates are paid such provision was not expected.

Many men, however, who have not included rough working clothes in their past wardrobes, found it difficult to obtain suitable clothes, especially since the rationing.

Some could not afford special working clothes. Others, with the ready money, found coupons insufficient for full outfits.

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Australia's shovel troops *Middle-aged brigade at labor camps*



RECREATION. Messrs. C. Connell, L. Collingridge, H. Foster, and D. Jones enjoy the relaxation of a game of penny poker after a good day's work at an Allied Works Council Labor Camp.



CANTEEN. Mr. K. Taylor gets his weekly ration of cigarettes from Mr. T. Turneau, who used to work at a city delicatessen.



MENDING. Mr. E. Bruce, 43, does some of his own mending while Mr. F. Denny, 54, a French polisher before the war, writes a note home to his family.



FIRST AID. Mr. C. H. Gibbs, camp manager, gives first aid to Mr. A. Harbison, 54, in the first aid room at the Allied Works Council camp.



SHAVING. Mr. G. Hynes, 43, camp cook, has his evening shave.



WASHING. Pre-dinner sluice after the day's work at the camp. Hot water is provided for the basins.

Last Word

Continued from page 3

EMILY went back to the counsel table. Matt's head was bowed, his hands clasped tight across the back of his neck. Suddenly her misery was for him more than for herself. She thought of what he had said: "They're insane to hold you, Emily. Nicholson knows you didn't kill Boyd and the woman. He's bent on election—that's the answer to your arrest. We'll show him!"

But Nicholson was showing them. She and Matt were losing this game with her life as the forfeit.

Benjamin Nicholson wheeled round to Matt and said pleasantly, "Your witness, Mr. Sheridan."

Matt looked like a lion ready to tear Minnie Jackson to pieces. Had he plunged immediately into cross-examination the force of his fury might have cornered her. She was a woman who feared only brute strength. But the chance was denied him. Judge Higham glanced at the ponderous clock on the wall, nodded towards the court clerk. The clerk announced adjournment until ten o'clock Monday morning.

Two days for the fire of battle to settle into smoke. Two days for the jury to accept and assimilate the Jackson woman's damning testimony. Two days with no comeback. It was a blow beyond Matt's power to estimate.

The moment when Emily walked behind uniformed guards from the courtroom was the hardest to live through. With Matt at her side, she felt less terror. But the uniformed figures benumbing her in as if she might try to break away, to escape, made her feel that she was shackled to them, already convicted, marching to execution.

To-day her world of sheltered security was more remote than at any time during her trial. From the start she had realised public opinion was against her. Nobody assumed or guessed that she had buckled on coldness as an armor. They had pulled her headlong into a world of criminals.

The next step might be into a world unknown, not as she had pictured dying, gently, with loved ones round her, but horribly and alone.

Matt was waiting in the corridor outside her cell. The guard unlocked the door and clanged it shut behind them. Matt flung his briefcase on the prison bed. Over his shoulder he watched the blue-coated figure stroll up and down. Every now and then the dim light threw the shadow across the reflection of bars on the cell wall.

At last he asked, "Emily, why didn't you tell me you followed Boyd and Nora the night they were killed?"

They spoke in whispers, yet in this place her voice always seemed to Emily to echo.

"I followed Boyd to warn him. It was after Nora Drew's husband came to the house."

"Answer my question. Why didn't you tell me you followed them?" "I couldn't, Matt. I know now it was a mistake, but there were reasons why I couldn't." She leaned weakly against the opposite wall. She was thinking, he's looking at me as though he never saw me before. He thinks I'm lying. Her dark-circled eyes pleaded with him to believe her.

"Did you know Minnie Jackson was near you?"

"No. I didn't see anybody. I don't believe her. And if she was there, it wasn't my voice she heard. She couldn't have, because I didn't speak to anybody."

"Half-truths aren't fair to me," Matt pleaded with her. "How can I save you if you don't trust me?"

"I've told you all the truth. I told you I gave the packet of letters to Boyd two weeks before he was killed. I never read any except the one the police found in my room. But you don't think the jury will believe that now, do you? You're convinced they'll think it wasn't humanly possible to resist reading the love letters my husband wrote to another woman."

Matt didn't answer. Not then. The shock of the revelation that Emily was with these two only a short time before they were murdered still shook him. It shook to the foundations the defence he had built with mind and soul—with his very life. Emily was his life.

He took hold of her shoulders and pushed her on to the stool facing him. He took her hands in a grip that made her arms ache to the elbows. "Emily—for heaven's sake—do you know anything about those letters found near the bodies—the ones in evidence as exhibit B?"

"No—no!" She looked into the

black eyes she had been able to read from the time she and Matt were children playing together. At this moment they might have been the eyes of Judge and Jury. "Why should I lie to you? You're the only one who can help me."

"The shots, Emily?"

"There were no shots while I was there. I went home without the chance to warn Boyd, or to speak to him. I didn't know that he—"

She stopped short, closed her eyes, and waited a space. Then she looked at Matt again. "Until the next morning I didn't know Boyd and Nora Drew were dead. Don't you remember, I phoned you right away?"

Yes, he remembered. Her voice had seemed amazingly controlled at the other end of the wire: "Boyd is dead."

Matt reached for his briefcase and took out a sheaf of blank paper. "The pistol beside the bodies that you identified as Boyd's—could you have made a mistake? Could it possibly belong to somebody else?"

"No. I handled the pistol often. Boyd used to leave it with me when he went away."

"Tell me everything again. From the beginning—step by step. Don't omit a word or an incident. We may find some lead we've overlooked. Emily, think—think of every little event—the most unimportant—from the night Minnie Jackson first came to your house."

Abruptly he got up and went to the window, standing with his back to her. She knew it was because he couldn't risk letting her read his

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"What a new pet, Mopsy?" "Partly! But, in view of the clothes-rationing, he's also my next year's suit."

He came back and took hold of her hands again. "We've got to trip up the Jackson woman. We've got to."

She answered, "I can't forget any of it. I know the exact hour when the doorbell rang. The clock over the fireplace had just struck nine-thirty. It was a very cold night for October. I had a fire going. David came in and said somebody who wouldn't give her name insisted on seeing me. It's all as clear as if it were happening now."

She turned towards the wall, and against its blankness pictured the home she had lived in as a child, as a girl, as Boyd Carter's bride, the home she had inherited as the last of her family.

She had been reading comfortably in a wing-chair. When Boyd was away several nights a week exercising in the college gymnasium or training boys and girls there, the books she had known all her life were companions.

The doorbell pealed through the quiet library.

David knocked and, as Emily called, "Come in," opened the door. Standing in the hallway, he said, "There's a woman outside who won't give any name. If you'll pardon me, madam, I don't think you'll care to see her."

Emily smiled. Since Boyd's frequent absences, old David was a self-appointed bodyguard. "Ask what—" She got no further.

An unkempt figure pushed past David—a woman of fifty or over, squat and dark-skinned. "What can I do for you?" asked Emily.

With a swift jerk of the head, "Tell him to go."

Cranks were not unknown to Emily. She was never afraid of strange visitors. "You may go," she

told David. "If I need you, I'll ring."

Very carefully he left the door open. Just as carefully the woman shut it. She had a slight limp. She sat down and stuck out her game leg.

"Guess you wonder why I'm here?" "You'll tell me, so why should I have any curiosity?"

"I'm Minnie Jackson." Her grin showed jagged teeth. "Guess you never heard of Jackson's Farm."

Emily often passed the place in her car. A decrepit cluster of buildings at the outskirts of the city, the main house, barns, and outhouses were a blasted dark red, the color of some infectious disease. "Yes, I know where the farm is."

"College boys and a lot of men in this town know more."

Emily suggested with polite indifference, "Would you mind stating your business?"

"Business is the word. If we can get down to brass tacks, it won't take long." A chair scratched along the polished floor as she pulled it confidently close. "I got information worth money to you."

She stopped and grinned again. "Big money."

"Do you want to sell the farm?" Emily asked.

The idea tickled Minnie Jackson. Rocking back and forth, she laughed until tears dulled the sharp points of her eyes. "Not on your life! What I have to sell has to do with a person. Somebody you know."

Emily frowned. The woman eyed her as she rose. "I'm not in the market for scandal."

Minnie Jackson showed her cracked teeth. "You'd better be. Wait a minute! Wait before you call anybody." She dug in the pocket of her skirt and brought out a packet of letters. "Take a look through these and see if I'm lying. See if they ain't worth big money."

A tapestry bell-pull hung near the door. Emily started for it.

The visitor did not budge. She tugged the top letter from under an elastic band and tossed it to Emily. The envelope fell face up. It was addressed to Nora Drew, care of Jackson's Farm. There was no mistaking the handwriting.

The woman asked: "Ain't scared of it, are you?"

"No," Emily answered, "I'm not scared." She stooped, picked it up. Even when she had the unsealed envelope in her hand, she couldn't bring herself to take out the contents. She kept her eyes lowered. Something told her she was holding the answer to the many nights Boyd spent away from her.

"Go ahead," prodded Minnie in a voice as flat as her nose. "Won't take long."

Emily drew out a lined page, rough at one edge, evidently torn from a notebook. There was no date.

"Nora beloved (she read), to-morrow night, Wednesday. It's been too long. My arms..." She turned hastily to the signature, "Boyd."

"Here's more—plenty." Minnie began to count them as if counting head of cattle. "One, two, three, four, five," she went on counting. Emily thought the drone would never stop. "Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, Mrs. Carter." She flipped the elastic band, let it snap. "Worth a thousand dollars."

Emily asked, "How did you get hold of them?"

"Lovers are fools. They make dates by mail and then the woman is too soft to tear up anything her sweetie writes."

"You mean—Mrs. Drew left those letters in your house?"

Minnie gave a dry chuckle of satisfaction. "I found this lot under the bed."

"Let me see the rest."

Minnie stuck the packet in her skirt. "You're young. I got a game leg, and the fire's too handy." She added, "A thousand dollars—cash," and limped to the door. "Needn't call anybody to put me out. I said my say."

"You can't go—not yet. I haven't enough money in the house. It's impossible to pay you to-night, even if I wanted to."

"Come to Jackson's Farm before this time to-morrow with the money in your pocket. Otherwise I go after another customer." Minnie made no attempt to take the letter, but went out, leaving it in Emily's hand.

The gesture was more expressive than anything she had said. It was convincing proof that the documents in her pocket held equal evidence against Boyd and Nora Drew.

Emily went to the window and

raised it. Crisp air swept out the stale earthy smell. She watched Minnie Jackson's dark figure go haltingly down the steps, hoist itself into a farm wagon. She stayed there after the car swung round the corner.

Faint frost touched the lawn, silvered by a young moon. So quiet, so peaceful. An hour ago it had been peaceful for her. She turned quickly, not quite knowing where she was going or what she must do. She knew only that she must get away from the possibility of being here when Boyd came home.

Fifteen minutes later her car swept down the driveway.

Her brain was whirling. If she didn't buy the letters, where would that terrible woman take them? To Nora Drew's husband? No, the Jackson effort wouldn't waste itself on a man who had no money, who drifted in and out of jobs, who would never find the initiative to beg or borrow a thousand dollars.

For years Colin Drew had worked as research chemist's assistant in the college laboratory. An explosion during one of his experiments had blinded a student. It cost Colin both his position and his nerve. Now, at forty, he was apathetic and unfriendly.

Where, then, would Minnie Jackson try to find a market? The weekly scandal sheet might pay well for "hot" news involving one of the vice-presidents of the City Bank and Trust Company. Emily's influence had placed Boyd in an executive position after a brief apprenticeship, but no influence on earth could keep him there if a newspaper printed the contents of those letters.

Twenty-one of them! One each week in print for everybody to read! That couldn't be allowed to happen.

In the glow of her headlights a face wavered. Nora Drew's. Nora under the lights of platform or stage, singing at charity bazaars, political rallies. Nora in cheap finery and heady perfume, her moist crimson lips parted.

The road ran straight and smooth. Emily drove on and on. She could not face Boyd. Not yet. It would take courage and calmness and she had neither. Suddenly she wondered if he had been with Nora to-night. While Minnie Jackson bared their secret, had he been holding Nora in his arms?

She swung the car round. She couldn't drive through the night with those two beside her. As she turned into the driveway of her home, the long shadow of the church spire opposite had the point of a knife.

Boyd was asleep. Careful not to wake him, she undressed and went down the passage to the room that had been her father's. When she was a child, her parents had separated for reasons never explained or understood. Her mother went abroad and died in Paris. Living alone with her father brought them close. In the winter nights John Fenway used to pull a rocker near the grate and she would huddle at his feet. It was always difficult to speak of her problems; something seemed shut inside like a slammed door. But not with him. Never were there tears or scoldings, only gentle-voiced counsel. Since John Fenway's death, when she was seventeen, nobody could take his place, not even Boyd.

Towards six the following afternoon she knocked at the door of Boyd's study. He called a cheery "Come in."

He was sitting at the desk in the bay window, his Greek-god perfection framed by the sunset. It had caught and held Emily, that beauty, the instant they met at her first Junior Prom.

As Emily shut the door, he sprang up, covering the distance between them. "Darling, where have you been? You worried me."

Emily thought, I can't let him kiss me. I can't bear it.

But he stooped and brushed her lips with his. "I got home at three. Don't you remember, we made a date for a round of golf. I phoned the club—thought you'd gone on ahead of me."

Emily said, "How stupid of me. I forgot." She opened her handbag and took out a small oblong brown paper parcel. "A woman left this for you." She laid it on his desk.

Boyd switched on the light. He picked up the parcel. Obviously he had no idea what was inside. He started to tug at the string.

Please turn to page 19



HILDA FARMILO, now singing with Jack Lumsdaine from 2GB.

Drama and singing from 2GB

Two important events of recent weeks in radio have been the return of Jack Lumsdaine singing at the piano with a new singing star, Hilda Farnilo, and the introduction of a mid-week dramatic presentation.

JACK LUMSDAINE'S intimate style of singing and his fine sense of showmanship have made his songs at the piano as popular in radio as they were on the stage.

Now, with Hilda Farnilo, he believes he has discovered a girl with voice and correct sense of rhythm and presentation to make her an ideal partner.

Originally a dancer, Hilda Farnilo deserted the stage because her parents objected to long country and interstate tours. She sought a radio audition, and not long afterwards made her first appearance in 2GB's Thursday night show, "Radio Hollywood."

Since then, under the coaching of Jack Lumsdaine, she has developed a fine sense of microphone technique, and the result is the series of programmes which are now being heard from 2GB at 6.45 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday under the title of "Coffee with Jack Lumsdaine and Hilda Farnilo."

The second important feature is entitled "Play of the Week." It is a half-hour dramatic presentation every Thursday night. An interesting feature of these dramas is that each is the work of an Australian author. Each is a self-contained play in two acts into which is condensed material that would make up a full-length drama.

On Thursday, August 13, the play will be "Winds of Madness," a drama of the Indian border, with a cast headed by John Nugent Hayward, Thelma Scott, John Tait, and George Hewlett.

The following Thursday will bring "Design for Divorce," a modern comedy with Hilda Scurr, Muriel Steinbeck, Arundel Nixon, Max Osblison, and Lyndall Barbour.

The play of the week will be broadcast from 2GB at 8.30 p.m. every Thursday.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 12. — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 13. — Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olsen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, August 14. — The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, August 15. — Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, August 16. — Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, August 17. — "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 18. — "Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olsen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Film Reviews

NEWS notes on the new films.
 "Whispering Ghosts" marks comedian Milton Berle's debut as star... "Jukebox Jenny" glorifies the penny-in-the-slot music-box craze that swept America... "The Bugle Sounds" was made with the co-operation of the U.S. Army.

★ THE BUGLE SOUNDS

(Week's Best Release)
 Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main, (MGM.)

WALLACE BEERY and Marjorie Main are again co-starred in this gripping and topical film.

The action takes place at an armoured mobile training post—and the film bears the stamp of authenticity throughout. The story tells of the revolt of an old cavalry sergeant against the newfangled streamlined warfare.

Both the stars give fine performances, Marjorie Main at her most amusing and hardboiled, Lewis Stone plays to the life an Army colonel.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ COME ON, DANGER

Tim Holt, Frances Neal, (RKO.)

WELL above average this Western has plenty of action, excitement, and a feasible, neatly-worked-out plot.

Snub-nosed Frances Neal portrays a feminine Robin Hood, who flees into the hills when she loses her home to an unscrupulous county tax collector.

Tim Holt, who appears again with "Lasses" White and Ray Whitley, is the girl's champion, helping to clear her of murder.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ WHISPERING GHOSTS

Milton Berle, Brenda Joyce, (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

A SHOWCASE for the talent of MILTON BERLE, this is only fair comedy thriller.

The plot is foolish, the film itself disconnected. Most of the action

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
 ★★ Above average
 ★ Average
 No stars — below average.

takes place in a deserted cargo schooner beached at the waterfront. Berle plays a radio detective who solves crimes over the air for his sponsor's customers.

Berle does as well as he can with the material provided, Brenda Joyce is the attractive heroine, while colored comedian Willie Best is amusing.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ JUKEBOX JENNY

Ken Murray, Harriet Hilliard, (Universal.)

HARRIET HILLIARD sings charmingly old and new favorites in this musical romance—but there is little else to entertain.

Ken Murray plays the salesman-manager for a record company run by Don Douglas, owned by Marjorie Gateason. In trying to further Don's romance with Miss Gateason's daughter, Harriet Hilliard, Murray, of course, falls in love with her.

Charles Barnet and his band and the Mill Harth trio provide the music. Harriet's singing of "Sweet Genevieve" is particularly effective.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** How Green Was My Valley. Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatization of book.—Embassy; 19th week.

*** Captains of the Clouds. James Cagney in splendid Air Force epic.—Regent; 2nd week.

*** Son of Fury. Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in dramatic period adventure.—Plaza; 9th week.

*** Design for Scandal. Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon in frivolous comedy.—Victory; 7th week.



IN HER DRESSING-ROOM at Fox delighted Ginger Rogers receives a sample delivery of the produce from her ranch at Rogue River.

★★ Remember the Day. Claudette Colbert, John Payne in charming romance.—Century; 5th week.

★★ You'll Never Get Rich. Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth in exuberant comedy musical.—State; 4th week.

★★ Ships With Wings. John Clements, Leslie Banks in stirring Fleet Air Arm adventure.—Lycium; 3rd week.

★★ Johnny Eager. Lana Turner, Robert Taylor share luxuriant underworld melodrama.—St. James; 3rd week.

★★ The Chocolate Soldier. Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy in lilting operetta.—Liberty; 2nd week.

★★ International Squadron. Ronald Reagan, Olympic Braden in entertaining drama.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

★★ Sullivan's Travels. Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake in unusual comedy drama.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

INGRID IS THE LUCKY LAST

VIOLA MACDONALD'S Hollywood Cable

INGRID BERGMAN has replaced Zorina in the cast of Paramount's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," despite the fact that Zorina has done a fortnight's work on the picture in California's snow-topped mountains.

I hear that director Sam Wood was dissatisfied with Zorina's characterisation. Moreover, she could not be photographed becomingly in snow shots. Westmore had been devising a special make-up for Zorina, and she had undergone dental improvements. But Ingrid, Hemingway's original choice, was re-tested a week ago, and has been hurried off to join the company on location.

WHEN Victor Mature joined the U.S. Coastguard, his ex-wife, Martha Kemp, was denied her alimony claims on the grounds of Victor serving with the forces. Her suit has now been postponed indefinitely.

GOSSIPS say that Dolores Del Rio, whose engagement to Orson Welles ended so abruptly, may remarry her former husband, Cedric Gibbons (well-known art director at MGM). Dolores' mother, who is returning from Mexico with the actress this week, is said to be responsible for the pair's reconciliation.

WARNER BAXTER is making a comeback in Columbia's "Crime Doctor," based upon a radio serial which is very popular throughout the States.

GINGER ROGERS told me that her screen story about a famous ancestor, Dr. Sappington of Civil War days, has been submitted to RKO's reading department.

JOAN CRAWFORD will play a Waac (American equivalent of Australia's A.W.A.S.) in "Women in Uniform," story for which was written by Anita Loos.

SONJA HENIE's next skating musical, her ninth film, will be made in technicolor. Its story will have a background of Norway and French-Canadian districts, and has been tentatively titled, "Quota Girl."

GREER GARSON gave a special garden party on Wednesday of last week to honor the golden wedding anniversary of Dame May Whitty and 80-year-old husband, Ben Webster. Seventy-five-year-old Dame May is now enjoying a second career in films—her latest and finest performance being with Greer in MGM's "Mrs. Miniver."

ANGRIEST actress in town is Simone Simon. An impostor in Vichy France is posing as her, and appearing as "Simone Simon" in singing sketches with pro-Nazi French artists. Simone, who is now working in RKO's mystery story, "The Cat People," is at present powerless to stop the impostor.

YOU will all regret the news that Edna May Oliver has gone to hospital for an indefinite period. This beloved character actress has been ill for over a year.

INTERESTING postscript to the wedding of Diana Barrymore and 38-year-old actor Bramwell Fletcher, which I reported last week. Lionel Barrymore gave the bride away in the simple ceremony held at the home of Diana's mother, poet Michael Strange. Diana herself wore the traditional white satin and lace veil. Her bridal photographs were taken at Universal's studio gallery. Diana has just finished her second film, "Between Us Girls," for this company.

After the honeymoon the Fletchers will return to Hollywood for further picture work until Bramwell's call-up for the Army.

Last Word - Continued from page 18

EMILY wanted to scream, "Don't—don't! Wait till I'm not here." But she watched him without a word. She had taken pains to wrap the letters in brown paper, to scrawl his name in heavy pencil awkwardly, as Minnie might have.

She had counted them before paying over the thousand dollars; even brought herself to scan a few to make sure Minnie had not tricked her and substituted blank paper. In a so-called parlor that smelled of dust and stale drink, her eyes had swept the pages, catching phrases here and there. Boyd's passion for another woman, frank, unashamed, terrifying. Love's meetings in this place. Not love—this could not be love!

She had looked up to find Minnie grinning. "Well, you got all, didn't you?"

"Yes, twenty-one. Mrs. Jackson, how much do you want to leave town and never come back?"

"You can't pay me enough. I'm too old to start over. No, I don't sell out to nobody. But I'll make a bargain with you, Mrs. Carter. The little blue-eyed Drew fool comes here three or four times a week to find out if there's a word from her sweetie. If she's careless again with his letters, I'll see you get first whack same as I do now." She gave a sly, malignant, chuckle.

Boyd was examining the letters, now pulling out the topmost one, turning it over. Emily waited for him to speak.

Finally he tossed the packet on the desk, dropped wrapper and string in the waste-basket. "Nothing important." Then he asked sharply, "Why didn't you sleep in our room last night, Emily?"

"I had a headache. I was up most of the night."

"David said you went to a picture, which?"

He had her there; she didn't know what pictures were on at any of the theatres. What irony, his cross-examining her when— "I only stayed for the newswreel" . . . Why

hadn't she the courage to tell him she knew?

Boyd went on, "Alexander Payne said he saw you at the bank this morning."

"I ran into him on my way out." "He remarked that you looked seedy. Asked if you'd been ill."

She wondered if Payne saw her draw the thousand cash. Strange how, when you didn't want to be seen, every move seemed to be uncovered.

She had known Alexander Payne most of her life, from the time he went into a real estate deal with her father. Wealthy bachelor, genial politician, and one of the bank directors, he did enormous charity, sent holiday baskets to the poor, juggled their babies on one knee while he juggled civic favors on the other. He had Boyd Carter in line for one of the favors.

Boyd was looking at her now with suspicion.

"Do you remember a promise we made on our honeymoon?" she asked quickly.

"Which promise?" he laughed. "We agreed that if ever we stopped loving each other—if it was over for either of us—" She paused. "Boyd, there are rumors going round. About you and—a woman."

"So that's the answer. Poisonous female gossip! A man can't be seen having cocktails with a woman in this town." He came over, lifted her chin and smiled. "Darling, I'm amazed at you, listening to such rot!"

"Please—please—" She pulled away. "I know it's true. I know the woman is Nora Drew."

The smile died on his lips, but there wasn't a quiver. "What libel! Nora Drew! I see her occasionally at the bank. She asked recently if I could negotiate a loan to help out her husband. The bank wouldn't let her have any money. So I took it out of my own pocket. She must have mentioned the loan to somebody—she was so grateful. Nora is devoted to Colin and her children."

"It's no good, Boyd. All the excuses in the world won't help. I don't ask why or anything else, I

told you I know. What's the use telling you more? Only—what are we going to do?"

Boyd took a flat gold case from his pocket. She noticed his hand shook as he lit a cigarette. "I thought you loved me. Am I wrong? Is this an excuse to divorce me?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. Not until we talk it over."

He gave a brusque laugh. "You try me—you convict me first, then ask if I plead guilty."

"No, no, Boyd. I don't want to hurt you—or Nora. I know there are times when a man and a woman get involved without meaning to. All I want to know is, are you in love with her? And if you are, what's it going to lead to? She's married, and the mother of two children. Can't you see the danger if a scandal breaks?"

BOYD'S brows met furiously. "You're being frightfully magnanimous! Who's going to create a scandal? You?"

"Others might find out. The nights you told me you were at the gymnasium, don't you suppose Nora's husband must have wondered where she went?"

"Don't you worry about Colin Drew. He's perfectly aware that his wife doesn't love him. He knows, too, if it weren't for her voice—the occasional singing engagements she gets—his kids would starve."

Oddly enough, a wave of relief swept over Emily. If Colin wasn't a risk, then there was no risk at all. Boyd would burn the letters and that would be the end. But not for them, not for her and their life together. "Are you terribly in love with Nora? If you were both free, would you marry her?"

"No," he answered without hesitation, "of course not." And now he didn't try to bluff any more. In the six years of their marriage she had never seen him look like this, cruel and evil.

"Marry Nora! Don't be a sentimental idiot, Emily. Men like me don't marry women of the Nora Drew type. You don't understand. I did lie to you. But what do you expect when you knock the props from under me? Nora doesn't mean any more to me than when she was a cheap little kid hanging around the campus."

She could have faced Boyd with better understanding if he had admitted a passionate love for Nora beyond his control.

Emily went quickly to the door.

"Wait—wait!" he demanded. "You've got to listen."

"I can't. Not any more. Not now." She fled up the stairs to the room that had been John Fenway's.

Next morning she went downstairs after Boyd left. After breakfast she went to Boyd's study. From a heap of ashes in the fireplace the end of a charred envelope protruded. Emily knelt and ran her hands through the ashes. Then she held a match to the envelope.

During the day she moved her things from their room.

Towards five Boyd telephoned to ask if it would be convenient to have Alexander Payne to dinner. Emily welcomed the suggestion.

Alexander Payne was in a particularly jovial mood that night. He laughed at his own jokes. Candle light flickering over the mahogany table played on his flushed cherub face. Though large, he had none of the fabbiness of the self-indulgent fifties. He was inordinately vain.

It was said that, on periodic business trips to New York, he locked scruples in the cupboard with his civic pride. Having returned from one of these two days before, he gave a detailed account of theatres, nightclubs and chorus girls with midrifts exposed. "Manhattan is a sick city," he finished. "All broken out in fever. A plague spot unless you take it in small doses. When it comes to living, there's no town like ours."

"TALKING" of plague spots," Boyd frowned, "we have one right here. Jackson's Farm ought to be wiped off the map. You know what the place is. The bank holds a mortgage and the woman is way behind in payments. We've been carrying her as an act of charity."

Emily stared in amazement. Slowly, it dawned on her why Boyd was doing this. It was a move to forestall any chance that his name might be linked with the Jackson house. In that event, Payne would be sure to say "Nonsense! If Carter ever went to that foul place, he certainly wouldn't have risked calling my attention to it!"

Payne took a second helping of roast beef and asked, "You mean, start foreclosure proceedings?"

"Only a suggestion." Boyd's voice was level. "It occurred to me we might demolish those unsightly buildings and turn the acres into a playground. It's well off any main highway—no danger of accidents. And I know a playground for poor kids is one of your pet projects."

"Worth considering," nodded Payne appreciatively. "Not a bad idea at all."

Nothing more was said. The two men spent the evening with a decanter of cognac and a game of chess.

It was the end of the week before Emily and Boyd sat down at either end of the long mahogany table. In the library, after coffee had been served and David had gone, Boyd asked, "How long is this to continue?"

He thought she was trying to punish him, that eventually she would come back to his arms. He didn't begin to fathom what these few days had made clear to her. "I should have told you I knew all about your meetings with Nora at the Jackson Farm. That's why I can never live with you again."

To be concluded

A H characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



ALLIES. MRS. FELIX FARBER (left), formerly of Warsaw, and Mrs. Richard Shorter, from Prague, who will sell programmes at Ignaz Friedman's concert this Saturday, at Town Hall. Proceeds for Polish and Czech fighting forces.



CHRISTENING. Mrs. Tom Parsons and her baby daughter, who is christened Jennifer Lorraine at St. Mark's. Diana Downs is godmother.

Heard Around TOWN

CABLED proposal from Lieut. William Hedger to Dorothea Macmillan, only daughter of late J. A. Macmillan and Mrs. Macmillan, Mungerie, Coonamble.

Dorothea decides to choose her own engagement ring here rather than take risk of having it sent from Middle East.

Lieut. Hedger, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hedger, of Hunter's Hill, is in command of first Australian commandos in Middle East.

For more than a year Dorothea has been jillaroo on Mr. R. G. Hall's property, Hillside, Eumungerie.

Is experienced hand with mustering, drafting, and at shearing time she even does wool-classing . . . and loves the work.

FAMILY party given by Mr. and Mrs. Izatt, of Maroubra, to announce engagement of elder daughter, Yvonne, to Flight-Sergeant Donald Cameron. Don is second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cameron, Chelsea, Victoria.

LUNCHING at Prince's are Mrs. Arthur Bowman, down from Singleton, her daughter, Alison, and Annette Williams. Mrs. Bowman's other daughter, Roslyn, who is V.A., is now stationed at 113th A.G.H.

MARIE COEN gives Sunday supper party at home at Vaucluse . . . among guests is twenty-five-year-old American aviator, Captain Jack Dale, who wears dazzling row of medals. Decorated for bravery in Philippines.

HOME again after week at Dornie House, Moss Vale, are Lady Jordan, Madame Emil Vrisakis, Mrs. Ely Palmer, and Mrs. A. C. Aubrey.

MRS. EDGAR ROFE closes up her home at Killara and goes off to Adelaide to visit her mother, Mrs. C. Oldham . . . is making South Australian hotel her headquarters.

BRIEF leave for Assistant Section Officer Joy Wallman, who is stationed in Melbourne . . . stays, of course, with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Roy Minnett at Manly. Joy has just finished officers' training course.

PRESIDENT of Air Force Association's Women's Auxiliary, Mrs. Eric Dare, is arranging produce stall to be set up in Imperial Arcade this Friday . . . committee member, Mrs. W. R. Buchanan, is lending helping hand.



STUDYING PROGRAMME. Zelma McKerihan (left) and Betty Richardson attend performance of Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni" at Conservatorium. Both are trainee nurses at St. Luke's.

Intimate JOTTINGS

DINNER dance at Romano's for 27th Armored Regiment Auxiliary funds is thoroughly informal as no one books tables or arranges parties.

Dinner is set buffet style on long tables and there is sumptuous array of hot and cold dishes, including sucking-pig, quail, squabs, fish, and fowl.

Guests are received by O.C. of Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel A. E. L. Morgan, who is accompanied by his wife.

Pretty Sheila Plater, secretary of Auxiliary, is with her husband, Lieut. Geoffrey Plater, and her sister, Pam Pring, who dances with Tom Holt.

Fair-haired Nan Hogan is escorted by her fiancé, Lieut. John Hughes.

Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, who helped with organisation of party, is early arrival.

Such a pity that Major Tony Shepherd, who helped with formation of Auxiliary, is absent. His aunt, Miss Rose Merivale, tells me that he is in Prince of Wales Hospital, where he had an operation.

"He's so sorry to miss our first party," she says.

Secretary Mrs. V. Carruthers is accompanied by her son, Lieut. Dal. Carruthers, and Betty Tully.

LADY MAYORESS (Mrs. Stanley Crick) sends out invitations for musicale at Town Hall this Thursday . . . funds for City of Sydney Civilian Aid Services Auxiliary.

Mrs. Hope Gibson is arranging programme.

PRIVATE Keith Martin and his wife are in town for a few days as Keith is on leave. Mrs. staying at their flat at Point Piper.

For last few months Joan has been a country-dweller, living at Singleton, where she has cottage.

MEET pretty Barbara Roberts in town . . . tells me she is living here to study occupational therapy. Barbara is daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Roberts, of Newcastle.



AT RECEPTION. Lieut. and Mrs. Laurie Pryde cut wedding cake. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Woodger, Killara, and Laurie son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Pryde, of Hawthorn, Victoria.

"WE need £8000 at once," says Miss Polly King, who is directing special appeal for Kindergarten Union.

She is being aided by Marjorie Chartres and Mr. W. Becker, who are planning house-to-house and office-to-office canvassing campaign.

"Money is needed to carry on kindergartens already established and to open new ones," adds Miss King.

"WE'll have a garden fete as soon as weather is warmer," says Mrs. W. J. Roze, secretary of 27th Field Regiment Comforts Fund . . . Mrs. Hector Clayton is lending us her home at Edgecliff.

Fund's general meeting to be held this Thursday at Gowing's buildings.

It will commence at 1 p.m. and after members can spend afternoon in exchanging news, chatting, or playing cards.

RECEPTION at bride's home follows marriage of Sylvia Gibbens and Lieut. Frank Vasek, A.A.S.C. Sylvia is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gibbens, of Bronte.



FROM MELBOURNE comes this picture of Margaret Sturdee and her fiancé, Lieut.-Colonel John Buckley, who announce engagement. Margaret is daughter of Lieut.-General and Mrs. V. A. H. Sturdee.



CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT. Lieut. John Lightfoot and Beryl Fullford dance at Prince's. She is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Fullford, of Newcastle, and John is son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lightfoot, of Roseville.



NAVAL OFFICERS' WIVES. Mrs. F. W. Short (left) and Mrs. Leslie Williams sell souvenir postcards at exhibition of Japanese submarines. Proceeds to Naval Relief Fund and King George Fund for Sailors.

MRS. MONA OSBORNE is guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tim Osborne, at her house at Singleton, where she is living for few months.

Mrs. Osborne recently returned from Cairo, where she stayed for two years.

Believe that Betty and her baby daughter, Geraldine, will soon be returning to Sydney.

IN town . . . Lieut. and Mrs. Hugh Ross. They are staying with latter's sister, Helen Milne, at Bellevue Hill.

Betty

Cheery suits that will carry you right through spring



● Casual jacket in pale amethyst sheer wool, with softly bloused bodice, disciplined at the waist with a self tie. Tailored nigger-brown wool skirt and accessories provide a perfect foil.

● A cheery little suit with trim skirt and tailored jacket interpreted in lightweight red wool. The blouse and draped toque in mauve silk jersey add a note of sobriety. (Above.)

● Spring suit of heavy, knoppe linen in bright rust with an eye-catching emerald-green yoke. The high-flung halo hat is made in the same rust linen, and garnished with green ribbon.

● It's smart to turn your back when you are wearing this spirited suit with the action-back jacket and box-pleated skirt. It is done in mauve, red, and brown plaid on a white ground. (Left.)

New Energy Now—FOR YOU

There's no need to feel that life has lost its zest for you just because war strain, business worry, or family cares seem to have sapped your youthful sparkle and energy. There's a remedy for this depressed, worn-out feeling... **WINCARNIS**, the delicious tonic wine that has brought back youth to thousands of people and received over 28,000 recommendations from medical men. **WINCARNIS** is rich in fortifying vitamins blended with strengthening wine. The very first sip shoots vigour into your nerves, heart, and brain—puts you on your toes right away. **WINCARNIS** stimulates and strengthens your whole body and builds up your exhausted system. Give yourself a chance—reach out and open a new, youthful chapter in your life—ask your chemist for **WINCARNIS**, the "No-Waiting Tonic"...

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Olex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off." ***

Fashion FROCK SERVICE



"JANET"

THE flattering and trimly tailored "JANET" frock is designed in linen in white, sage-blue, pink, green, sky, and maize. It is obtainable from our Fashion Frock Department, ready to wear or traced ready to cut out and make yourself.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, ready to wear, 39/11 (13 coupons); or ready to make yourself, 27/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, ready to wear, 43/- (13 coupons); or ready to make yourself, 39/11 (13 coupons).

● Here are three attractive styles for the season ahead. The "Janet" frock requires 13 coupons, the "Jean" skirt 7 coupons, and the "Dawn" blouse 6 coupons.



"DAWN"

YOU will love the "DAWN" blouse because it is so pretty and feminine yet so smartly tailored. It is made of crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, and pink; and it is available either ready to wear or traced ready to make yourself.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, ready to wear, 19/11 (6 coupons); or traced ready to make yourself, 15/11 (6 coupons).

Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, ready to wear, 23/6 (6 coupons); or traced ready to make yourself, 17/9 (6 coupons).



"JEAN"

THE "JEAN" skirt is an attractive design which features a trim, high waistline and inverted pleats. It is made in a good quality linen in white, sage-blue, pink, green, sky, and maize, and is available ready to wear or traced ready to make yourself.

Sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch hips, ready to wear, 19/11 (7 coupons); or traced ready to make yourself, 15/11 (6 coupons).

Sizes 42 and 44-inch hips, ready to wear, 21/- (7 coupons); or traced ready to make yourself, 16/9 (6 coupons).

Harsh remedies brought these lines



If you could take a look over hospital records, you'd be shocked to find how many surgical cases originate from the over-use of harsh remedies. Harsh remedies will not—cannot cure your trouble. True, they sometimes give you temporary relief—but at what a cost to your system!

Regularity—the natural way

There's one safe, and natural way to become regular—get more "bulk"—producing foods in your diet. It's "bulk" that makes you regular—and you get it in raw fruits and vegetables. But normally, we never eat enough of these foods. That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran.

Regularity in a week!

The "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft mass which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The delicate internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning, served with milk and sugar, and within a week you'll be regular. Don't let another day go by—start to-morrow, to get yourself regular this safe, natural way. Your grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran. Get a packet to-day.

Aunt Polly says...



Children are hard on furniture, but furniture'll never put its little arms around your neck nor cuddle down in your lap.

Dad hates arithmetic. But even he can figure out how Rinso saves money. Those thick, rich suds make his shirts last a sight longer 'cause there's no hard rubbing to do!

Speaking of Dad, he gets sick faster than anyone I know. He was fine last night at 7

p.m. At 7.5, when I suggested he fix some black-out paper, he felt a terrible cold comin' on.

Clothes rationing shouldn't worry women. Men like any colour—so long as it's blue.

That Mrs. R— learns fast. At the netting afternoon last week I told her to try Rinso for a nice, easy wash. This week she tells me that Rinso's a marvel with greasy pans and dishes.



Its richer, thicker suds
make the whole wash sparkle

A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.41.74

It's Safe! **WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE**
For the Family's Coughs and Colds

How I save on coupons

By EVE GYE, Editor of the Homemaker Section

OF course, everyone is saving coupons. When I say that I mean that the majority are not buying clothes in order to get rid of coupons.

We've been allowed 112 coupons for the year, but if we can show a coupon surplus in June, 1943, we are doing our country a big service. We are actually assisting the national war effort by conserving both manpower and materials.

Therefore, every coupon saved by the individual helps our country.

At time of writing, my ration book is minus five "G" coupons. I am no miser. I am very human. I like nice clothes, smart hats and shoes.

But I, like you, love my country. I want to help—not hinder—the war effort, so I resist temptation.

To-day, I am making do, and making over, utilising everything which in pre-rationing days would have been thrown to the wolves, or relegated to the garbage bin.

For example, some of my frocks have made sensational come-backs by my using common sense and a scrap of ingenuity.

I have rehabilitated shoes and turned a slinky nightie into a slip.

I am turning a couple of millaneese vests whose lacy tops had disintegrated into ascoties for summer and matching slips into vests.

That's just a few of my coupon-saving ideas. Perhaps you have bigger and brighter ones up your

sleeve. Well, if you have, here's your big chance.

The Australian Women's Weekly offers £1 to the reader who sends in the best coupon-saver idea each week, and 5/- will be paid for all others published.

Sketches and pattern or photographs and full description of the made-over article or renovation must accompany each entry.

Address your coupon-saving idea to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

For Blood, Veins, and Arteries

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical treatment, which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of "Elasto". Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the arteries become supple, skin troubles clear up, and leg wounds heal naturally. There is quick relief from piles and rheumatism in all its forms. This is not magic. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by "Elasto"—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is "Elasto"?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that "Elasto" is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devalued fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of "Elasto" say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Relieved my Rheumatism and Neuritis."

"Elasto" has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO", Box 1532M, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or, better still, get a supply of "Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!



LAST YEAR the hat pictured above was a beach hat. This year, trimmed with a scrap of left-over material, it will emerge as my first spring model.

Fashion PATTERNS



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

CHARMING STYLES FOR GIRLS 6 TO 12 YEARS.

No. 1 requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Cuticura Soap is a **MEDICINAL and TOILET** Soap combining in one big tablet the soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura, with the mildest most beautifying soap base ever devised. The richly emollient and refining lather of Cuticura Soap penetrates the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath dust all over with supertine Cuticura Takum.

160

Cuticura SOAP

F3349.—Charming little frock with skirt featuring front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3353.—Attractive frock with slim sweater top. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3371.—Trimly-tailored design, ideal for florals. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3356.—Simple style highlighted with contrasting panels and belt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., and 4yd. contrast. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1207.—Well-cut and slim-fitting cami-knickers. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3301.—Pretty dirdl frock for young things 4 to 10 years. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F225.—Flattering, figure-hugging jerkin. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491Q, G.P.O., Perth. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 400P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB TOWN
STATE SIZE Pattern Coupon, 18/8/42.



You're her protector...

**WORK for her!
FIGHT for her!**

Buy her War Savings Stamps

This message is inserted by the manufacturers of

LAXETTES

The Gentle and Effective
Laxative for Children.



PRACTICAL...and pretty



CLASSICALLY TAILORED SHIRTWAIST frock with clever individual touches to save it from severity. It is made of grey worsted, chalk-striped in white, with belt and buttons in a slightly darker grey.



ENGLISH women are wearing engaging little hats to relieve the sobriety of their trim tailors. This one is made with a posy of violets, a pink rose, and a garb of violet veiling, cleverly blended together.

By ALISON SETTLE

Fashion Adviser to the British Board of Trade.
By Air Mail from London.

"ALL-DAY" ensembles are definitely the mode of the moment, chiefly, I suppose, because most of us are far too busy to spend precious minutes changing from one chic and suitable outfit to another.

Dining and dancing in a short skirt has been a tremendous relief to the busy woman, who has often only time to throw off her canteen overall before meeting friends for dinner at seven—we all dine earlier these days in case the evening's fun is curtailed by "blitz."

Couturiers all have different ways of coping with these "all day" ensembles. Hartnell, for instance, changes an ordinary day frock into something really chic for the ballroom by the addition of a jewelled bolero.

Mattia, on the other hand, designs suits and frocks so simple, yet so chic, that they can be worn all day without any alterations or additions, being as correct at 10 a.m. as they are at 10 p.m.

The black suit, he says, is always right. With it he suggests a pale pastel-pink blouse to match up with a large, deeper pink-rose in the small black felt hat which is part of the ensemble.

Famous hat designer Aage Thaarup declares that an "all day" hat should be small and light in weight, with a single flower and perhaps a wisp of veiling as trimming. He says that wreaths, sprays, and large bows are too dressy for the morning.

The popular suit

A TWEED suit has become almost the national dress of the Englishwoman not in uniform; but it is definitely not the rough-and-tumble Norfolk jacket type so popular for country wear in the 1930's.

To-day's tweed suit has all the chic and femininity that the most exacting town-dweller could demand. It often has bows instead of buttons, is piped with velvet, is delightfully colorful and quite as well cut as any ensemble in broadcloth or gabardine.

Gone are the days when we could gaily order an ensemble that consisted of skirt, jumper, short jacket and top-coat, with very often a matching frock as well. Now, if we want to make the best use of our sixty-six coupons, we must have an all-occasion coat that will seem right with any ensemble, and a simple wool frock that can be worn without coat, needing only a change of accessories to make it correct for any hour of the twenty-four.

Quaint and daring color schemes are definite features of the current collections.

"Pink and blue mixtures," says Norman Hartnell. "I think heather mixture tweeds or small check tweeds in all shades of pink and blue will be very popular worn with accessories in either shade, the change in accessories making the change of ensemble... one must



A SLIM-FITTING and very simple frock in fine black flannel is highlighted with a jacket of dusty-pink broadcloth. The coat is garnished with four corded pockets, backed with black flannel.

consider conserving one's coupons. "For evening wear I fancy that black and the new mist-grey, which is a shade between oyster and cloud, will be the frock colors, with splashes of bright shades like flame, scarlet, a vivid new royal-blue, and Persian-green, which is something between a light emerald and a deep jade, in belts, sashes, flower sprays, embroidery, and so on."

As usual, Molyneux favors black for town wear, while for the country

he suggests moss-greens and earthy-browns.

Worth thinks that black suits will be in great demand, with blouses in all the newest tones of pink.

Bright colors for the evening are tipped by Worth, "the sort of scarlets, purple-blues, brilliant greens that make one blink. Women will need this color relief after the plain and serviceable daytime clothes forced on them by present conditions," he says.



She depends on you so completely

YOUR child's health is completely in your hands. You are the first to notice the signs that point to over-taxing of youthful energy... you are the first to worry over any lack of essential elements in your child's diet.

Horlicks is of inestimable value in maintaining your child's good health. Horlicks is a complete food... that's why it helps so greatly to make good any lack of essential elements in the child's diet. Horlicks contains up to 15% of muscle-building protein, one-half of which is derived from the full cream milk that goes into Horlicks. You probably know

already that milk is one of the best "protective" foods.

Calcium... the bone-builder... is contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. Extra energy is produced by the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks... these energy-bringers pass quickly into the bloodstream without putting any strain on young digestive organs. "Upsets" never follow Horlicks, even in the case of delicate children. And children love its malty sweetness.

You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/4 or handy glass jars, 3/- (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, containing and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken solid. It keeps indefinitely if the lid is replaced firmly.



HORLICKS

A luxurious shampoo at low cost!



A complete shampoo for every type of hair

Give your hair the luxury of a regular shampoo with Amami. Not only does Amami make the hair feel fresh, clean and silky, with a delicate fragrance... but it does this at the cost of only a few pence per week.

AMAMI
LUXURY
SHAMPOO

★ Give your hair a perfect setting with Amami Wave Set.

The full range of Amami Products is now available.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie Aust. Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Vic.), Melbourne, C.I.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

For dark hair, Amami No. 1 with henna to bring out those warm reddish glints.

For fair hair, Amami No. 5 to make hair gleam with gold.

For very fair hair, use Amami No. 7 with Camomile Application.

For bronze hair, use Special Henna.

Complete with special rinse in each packet of Shampoo.



THIS GIRL is attractive. She uses very little make-up. The only thing that mars her real beauty in the light of present-day standards... Guess? You're right! It's the exaggerated line of her eyebrows.

NEW TREND IN MAKE-UP

• "Look natural" is the motto to-day. Obvious make-up is a thing of the past.

ONE of the nicest things that can be said of any girl to-day, whether she is in uniform or wearing civilian clothes, is: "How attractive, and how fresh she looks."

Look at yourself in the mirror... are you obviously made-up, or are you fresh-looking, natural, more attractive?

To-day, the wide-awake girl

powders thinly but smoothly. If she uses rouge she uses it sparingly.

Both lipstick and rouge match her skin and go with her hair. They are not chosen for the sake of a frock or a fashion.

The wise girl, too, insists on a powder that is a shade deeper than her skin in order to give it warmth. She chooses her foundation cream or foundation liquid very carefully.

She does not experiment with this or that powder, cream, lotion, lipstick, eye-shadow, or rouge as in the days of yore. By now she has learned just what make-up essentials are required in order to keep her skin fresh and lovely looking.

As a result, she is acquiring that natural look which is far more becoming than the attempts made to capture "glamor"—a fetish of pre-war days.

And every girl can follow suit quite easily.

Traitors not wanted

THE girl or woman who hoards cosmetics so that she will be able to plaster on powder, lipstick, rouge, mascara, eye-shadow, and the like is, plainly speaking, a traitor to her country, to other women, and her real self.

We are entering a new era, the era of the natural-looking girl, and those who do not move with the times are not only traitors but "back-dates."

Finally, I would like to say this: Look after your teeth, girls, look after your eyes. Bathe your eyes regularly, brush your hair thoroughly every night. Brush gleaming beauty into them.

Remove every vestige of make-up from your skin before slipping into bed. Never neglect this little beauty rite no matter how tired you are.

Take all the exercise you can get and eat wisely, and you'll find yourself looking lovelier every day.

• The heavily rouged, mascara-eyed girl flaunting lids of blue or purple and fantastic "mother-of-pearl," black, or silver nails has no place in this age of grim realities.

• Anyway, she never was glamorous or attractive. She was simply an exhibitionist.

• The girl of the age is the fresh, natural-looking girl. She is sparing with her make-up. Her lipstick and rouge match her skin, go with her hair. She's very attractive.

By
MARY ROSE
Beauty Expert to
The Australian
Women's Weekly.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
For YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

New way to Stop Children's Colds

New "thermal cream" Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Nostrils and Break up Croupy Congestion.

Quicker — Long recognised by Canadian mothers as the most pleasant, efficient, external treatment for children's head and chest colds and sore throats.

NEW 3-WAY ACTION

Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest, and see how quickly its "thermal" warmth stops shivery aches. Keeps little ones comfortable through the night, while its 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion. Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub now — from your chemist or store.***

Buy National Savings Bonds



Every pound that you don't spend
Is a precious pound that you can lend!
One pound a month — more if you can
Buys a Savings Bond on the Lay-by plan.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES BY...
KATSER

HT 42-6

This space is donated to the National War Effort



Make this
love story
your own

Every girl has within herself the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. To be born beautiful is not so important as to appear well-cared for, with the fascinating appeal of a skin soft as the heart of a flower. Even a plain complexion takes on a petal-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Exquisitely light and silky it is — with a fragrance delicate as the breath of beautiful gardens on still summer nights.

NATURAL, RASCHIS, DAWN, RASCHIS, DUK, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND BLACK
Erasmic Cream (Finishing & Cold) 1/2 tube



ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/2

E24.26.

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More cash prizes to our readers

● Every week some enterprising homemaker wins £1 for topnotch recipe. Others collect consolation prizes.

THE bean and radish pie, the starred recipe of this week, is a delicious little savory.

Strangely enough—perhaps not so strangely—a very large number of savory dishes have been entered in this competition lately.

At one time, cakes and pastries seemed to be firm family favorites, and a dozen or more custard tarts and ginger fluffs and other old-timers would come in with the mail.

This week, as well as this savory potato-topped pie, Cheshire toast and a celery bake have won prizes.

You will like the Yankee accent on the bacon and pineapple fritters. The Californian apple pie is a good Australian paying a compliment to the State across the Pacific. It's worth trying, especially for one of those on-leave dinners.

The rhubarb and banana surprise sounds, too, like one of those special week-end pies, and although the eggless date pudding has been left to last, it's no Cinderella. Try it with a squeeze of lemon and see how well it rises: dates like lemon.

BEAN AND RADISH PIE

Take 1lb. freshly-cooked beans, 10 tender, long-rooted radishes, boiled or steamed and mashed, 1lb. potatoes boiled and mashed with 2 small onions, knob of butter.

Butter a pliedish, spread with half the beans, then radish, then other half of beans. Dot with butter, roughly top with potatoes and bake for 1 hour in moderate oven till a golden brown. The radish imparts a delicious flavor through the pie. Tinned corn, grated cheese or minced meat may be added to other ingredients.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Henderson, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

CHESHIRE TOAST

Two ounces grated cheese, 1 large carrot (grated), 1 teaspoon butter, pepper, and 1 teaspoon made mustard.

Cook grated carrot in 2 tablespoons water for 5 minutes, then put butter, mustard, cheese, and pepper

(dash of cayenne, if liked) in pan with partly-cooked carrot and stir briskly till cheese has melted. Serve on slices of wholemeal or wheatmeal toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

BACON AND PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup chopped cooked bacon, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter (or bacon fat), 1 tablespoon chopped pineapple, bacon rashers, and slices pineapple.

Sift flour, salt and cayenne into a mixing bowl, beat egg until fluffy, add milk and stir until blended. Add this liquid to flour, gradually mixing to a smooth batter. Add melted butter (or bacon fat), add bacon and pineapple, stir until blended. Drop batter by dessertspoons into deep fat. Turn frequently during cooking. Cook until richly brown, then drain on paper. Serve hot with crisp bacon rashers and grilled pineapple slices.

Grilled Pineapple: Cut pineapple into thin slices; remove core if freshly-cut fruit is used. Place in a grill pan, sprinkle each slice with

brown sugar, then add little bacon dripping, place under grill for 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. D. Buntie, Flat 1, 34 Howitt St., Sth. Yarra SE1, Vic.

CELERY BAKE

One cup cooked spaghetti, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 2 cups milk, 1 cup shredded cheese, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, taste pepper, 1 teaspoon (or dessertspoon) Worcestershire sauce, few sprigs parsley.

Cook spaghetti and line greased oven dish (while spaghetti is hot). Beat eggs slightly, add milk, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, shredded cheese, and cooked diced celery, pour into centre of spaghetti mould; dot with small pieces of butter. Stand in dish of cold water and bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes until set. Turn out on large dish, garnish with sprigs parsley, and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Weeks, 157 Victoria Rd., Northcote N16, Vic.

CALIFORNIAN APPLE PIE

Two cups grated apple, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup seeded raisins.

Mix apple, raisins, and lemon rind. Add sugar and lemon juice. Mix all well, then add well-beaten eggs. Have ready a tart plate lined with pastry. Pour mixture into plate and decorate with strips of pastry. If bananas are liked, one can be added to the above mixture.

Bake in a fairly hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat and cook slowly till filling is firm.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Clarke, 11a Roe St., North Bondi, N.S.W.

RHUBARB AND BANANA SURPRISE

Bunch of rhubarb, 3 bananas, 1lb. sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1lb. sifted self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons sifted sugar, 2 eggs.

Cut up rhubarb, put into greased pliedish, add 1lb. sugar, sliced bananas, and water. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and flour, and

pour batter over fruit. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven; serve hot with custard or cold with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Susan Brownlow, c/o Mrs. H. Wallis, Vermont St., Sutherland, N.S.W.

EGGLESS DATE PUDDING

One heaped dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, little grated nutmeg, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teacup boiling milk, 1 cup sifted plain flour, pinch salt.

Put milk on to boil. Put balance of ingredients except soda and flour into a bowl. Add soda to boiling milk and pour over ingredients in bowl and stir until butter is dissolved. Add sifted flour and mix well. Pour into buttered basin, cover, and boil for 2 hours. The mixture may be put into well-greased teacups (half fill each cup), when it will only take 1 hour. Half mixture put into two well-greased teacups is ample for two people. Serve with custard or arrowroot sauce, flavored with lemon essence.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Hurley, Flat 2, 15 Nicholson St., Burwood, N.S.W.

RAISIN FRITTERS

Sift 2oz. plain flour into a basin, add pinch of salt, and then gradually add 1 gill milk. Beat well, then add yolk of egg. Now add grated rind 1 lemon or orange, 2 tablespoons raisins, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Beat the egg-white until very stiff and fold into mixture. Melt 3 tablespoons lard or good dripping in a frying pan, drop mixture in dessertspoonfuls and fry until a golden brown, turn fritters and fry on other side until brown. Drain well and dish up on a hot dish. Sprinkle with castor sugar and garnish with sliced orange. Serve with a lemon or orange sauce. A little grated nutmeg may be mixed with castor sugar before sprinkling over fritters.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

IS there a right way to cook vegetables? Rather! The waterless method serves the vitamins right on the plate, makes the vegetables taste better, too. This hot vegetable platter is a meal in itself.

Kitchen Cutouts

Basic Recipe No. 11

BOILED SUET PUDDINGS

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4oz. shredded suet, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, cold water.

Sift the flour and the salt. Chop the suet into the flour, until like fine breadcrumbs. Add the lemon rind and juice, and mix to a fairly dry dough with cold water. Knead lightly and use for sweet or savory rolls or puddings. Needs long, moist cooking.

Variations:

Basin Puddings (sweet or savory): Line the basin with two-thirds of the pastry; fill and pinch remaining pastry on as cover. The pudding cloth firmly over the top and cook in gently boiling water for about 2 hours.

Fillings: 1lb. steak, diced, seasoned, and floured. Flavor with chopped kidney, mushrooms, oysters, or tomatoes. Or sweetened fruit sliced into the basin, such as apples, gooseberries, plums, quinces.

Relly-Poly: Roll the pastry and spread with well-seasoned minced meat, or with jam or treacle and sprinkle with soft breadcrumbs and spice.

Or spiced and sweetened fruit pulp or minced vine fruits.

Roll and tie firmly in cloth. Boil gently about 2 hours.

CAULIFLOWER SAVORIES

Cooked cauliflower, 2oz. cheese, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Separate cauliflower and put into small ramekin dishes. Beat egg, add milk, then parsley, seasonings, and cheese. Pour into ramekins and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes, or until mixture is set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. M. Duffey, Jun., 14 Kardina Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Miss Precious Minutes says:



THERE IS an idea for you in the picture above of Anita Louise, Columbia star. It lies in the collar. From a scrap of net and lace (utilise an old blouse if you have one), make a collar like this and wear it on last season's black.

WHEN white shoes become so soiled that white cleaner does no good, wipe them over with benzine (if you have it by you) and apply plenty of raven oil. When dry, polish well with a good boot polish and then—a new pair of shiny black shoes!

AN artist has no reputation for economy, but my friend (a good artist, too) gave me this soap-saving hint yesterday: Insert two beer or lemonade tops on one flat side of the cake of soap, allowing 1in. space between the two. This keeps the soap from softening—and wasting—in washing basin container, which is, as you know, usually afloat with water.

JUST a tip about those shoes that are so precious these days. Never dry wet shoes near direct heat. Shape them with a shoe-tree or crumpled paper and dry them at room temperature. When dry, cream them well to soften the leather.

Getting her washing as clean as she can, she waits for low tide and spreads it on the sand bars to dry, hoping no passing wine barge will cause waves to engulf her precious clothes.



Imagine trying to remove wine stains from a shirt by scrubbing it in a cold river! The lot of the Portuguese washerwoman is a hard one.



Then the long trek home—as fast as Noddy can make it! Afterwards, perhaps a meal of aubergines and garlic—then early to bed to get ready for to-morrow's work in the fields.

How lucky that we in Australia have Persil to help us in these trying times! Its oxygen-charged suds make light work of washday. Whites come up snowy-white, colours bloom anew.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P. 194.2



Simple meals...you'll like them!

• "What shall we have for lunch to-day?" "What shall we have for Saturday's supper?" "I'm not hungry but I would like something nice..." Familiar words, and the answers to them have been tackled in the odd-meal recipes on this page.

—Says OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

SIMPLE meals from the barest cupboard essentials can sometimes be the most satisfying.

New bread and cheese with hot coffee, hot scones and jam and a fresh cup of tea, freshly-made home-made rolls with crisp celery, radishes and lettuce—such simple fare can be served on the most sophisticated occasion, or for that cherished meal alone with a book.

AMERICAN SAVORY SCRAPPLE

Two ounces cornmeal or oatmeal, 1 pint water, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 teaspoon bacon fat or butter, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped bacon or ham, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and very little salt, brown breadcrumbs.

Cook cornmeal or oatmeal in gently boiling water for 15 minutes. Fry onion lightly in bacon fat or butter. Add onion, bacon, parsley, pepper and salt, if necessary, to the cooked meal. Turn into a straight-sided, greased bar tin and set. When quite firm, cut into slices, dip in breadcrumbs, and fry until hot and golden brown. Serve with crisp bacon and fried tomatoes.

WHOLEMEAL SALAD LOAVES

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup white self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, good shake of cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cup finely-grated cheese, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 2-3ds. cup milk.

Sift flours, salt, mustard, and cayenne and tip back roughage. Rub in butter and add cheese and parsley; mix with beaten egg and milk. Cook in two well-greased nut-loaf tins in hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve sliced with parsley butter balls.

FRUIT SALAD GRIDDLECAKES

Half cup self-raising white flour, 1 cup self-raising wholemeal flour, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 large banana, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift flours well, add the grated fruit rind and mix to a soft batter with beaten egg and milk. Add melted butter, mashed banana, and grated apple. Cook in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or heavy frying pan, turning to brown. Serve with lemon sauce or squeeze of lemon juice and sugar on each.

CARAMEL PINWHEEL SCONES

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2oz. butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift flour and salt and rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly and roll to a 1in. thick oblong sheet. Spread with creamed 2oz. butter, brown sugar, and lemon rind. Brush round edges and roll firmly. Cut across into 1in. pinwheel slices, place on greased oven tray, glaze with milk, and bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Very delicious hot.

HONEY TWISTS

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup milk.

Warm honey slightly and add to beaten egg. Sift flour and salt and rub in butter and lemon rind. Mix to a soft dough with the liquid. Knead lightly and roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into strips about 1in. wide and 6ins. long. Twist or tie into knots, place on greased tray, glaze with milk, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

CORN SOUFFLE WITH MUSHROOMS

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 eggs, 2 cups cooked corn, cut from the cob.

Melt butter, add flour, and stir in milk. When thickened cool slightly and beat in egg-yolks and corn. Lastly fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in greased oven dish in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with grilled mushrooms.

• **SNACK SALADS**, hot scones, and salad breads with cheese, jam, and cream take the work out of week-end meals. These simple, quick recipes are planned for informal hand-outs.

SAVOY CUCUMBER ON TOAST

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint milk, 1 medium-sized long cucumber, 1 tablespoon sharp, grated cheese, 1 teaspoon mustard, pepper and salt, 2 or 3 slices of toast.

Melt butter and stir in flour. Stir in milk and cook for 3 minutes very gently. Peel and dice cucumber and cook very slowly in the sauce for 5 minutes. Add cheese and mustard and season to taste. Pile on hot buttered toast. Crisp bacon curls may be served.

HOT VEGETABLE FLATTERS

In serving hot vegetable platters greatest care should be taken to preserve the flavor of vegetables and not to overcook.

The waterless method of cooking all types of vegetables not only conserves flavor, but also food value. A heavy bottomed saucepan with a tightly-fitting lid is required. Just enough water is poured into the pan to generate a volume of steam and prevent the vegetables catching. Normally about 1in. of water is sufficient. Slice or shred vegetables and season lightly. Time taken is about same as for boiling.

The following combinations are suggested:

1. Cauliflower with a cheese sauce, tomato slices and green peas and diced carrots in crisp pastry cases.
2. Cheesed potato rosettes, french beans, buttered diced parsnips with hot toast fingers.
3. Corn on the cob with parsley butter balls and savory paste, brown bread sandwiches.
4. Grilled mushrooms, minted new potatoes, green peas, and melba toast.

5. Grilled tomato halves topped with toasted cheese, french-fried onions and celery sticks in a cheese sauce, with savory nut bread and butter.

SNACK SALADS

Serve with a light dressing and rolls or wholemeal salad breads. This light dressing goes with any of the salads suggested below:

Half a cup of salad oil, 1 cup vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon fine sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Combine ingredients very slowly, beating well. Further flavoring, such as a hint of chopped onion, mint, parsley, or horseradish, may be added.

Try with finely-shredded cabbage heart, grated carrot, and grapefruit quarters.

Crisp carrot straws, lettuce hearts, chopped gherkin, and chopped raisins and nuts.

Small apple wedges with cream cheese, dates and lettuce.

Tomato wedges, cheese, endive and celery curls.

Cream cheese, pineapple slices, and lettuce.

Slice or shred potatoes, tossed in salad oil and chopped mint, celery, hard-boiled egg and pickled cabbage or cauliflower.

MOCK ANCHOVY PASTE

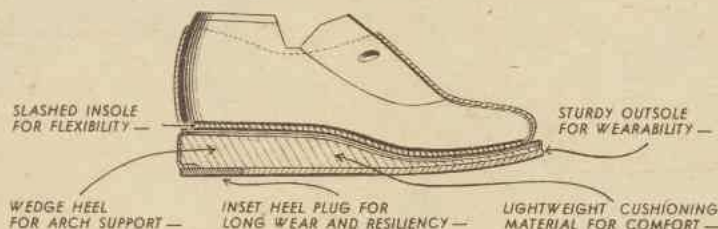
One pound topside steak, 1lb. butter, 1lb. bacon, 1 bottle anchovy sauce.

Steam steak, bacon, and butter in a basin in steamer, or in top of double saucepan, for 4 hours. Strain and reserve liquid. Mince meat and bacon finely three times and pound well. Add to the liquid and anchovy sauce, and beat well. Bottle and seal with melted wax.

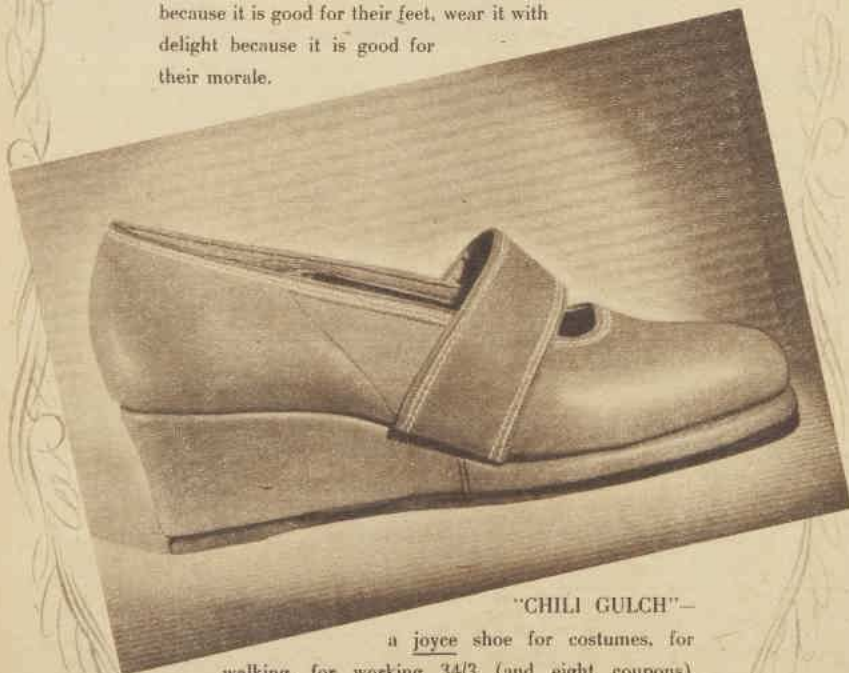
The Joyce Platform

The first joyces were designed for fun; you can't have fun if your feet hurt. That was yesterday. You can't work if your feet hurt, either . . . that is today. Today the joyce platform is making its contribution to war-time efficiency. Tomorrow . . . joyces will still be doing their job of combining fun and functionalism, whatever the times. Yesterday we stressed gaiety and colour and style. Today, when frivolous feet are walking to work, we emphasize our platform . . . comfort and freedom and that indefinable something that means doing a job well without being grim about it; plus joyce wearing qualities that England's women at war have already placed on the priority list.

Reproduced below is a detailed drawing of our platform. (Joyce invented this type of construction . . . we have been making it since 1935 and WE KNOW HOW!)



Nurses and factory workers, volunteers and women in offices or homes . . . all these will love the joyce platform because it is good for their feet, wear it with delight because it is good for their morale.



"CHILI GULCH"—

a joyce shoe for costumes, for walking, for working 34/3 (and eight coupons).

By
joyce
(California) Pty., Ltd.
261 George St. Sydney

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM



A SMILE that would win over the stoniest heart comes from a cherub who is being successfully reared under the Truby King system. He is the proud possessor of four strong teeth, rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, a sturdy constitution—and very proud parents.

DEFECTIVE JAW DEVELOPMENT

NATURAL or defective development of the jaws is bound up very closely with that of the lower part of the face.

It is particularly desirable, therefore, that every effort should be made from the earliest days of baby's life to avoid deformities which become more apparent later, and spoil the natural contour of the face.

The facial bones—like all the

bones of a very young baby—are soft and yielding, and certain bad habits can so change the shape of the arch of the jaw that teeth will not erupt evenly, and the shape of the jaw and chin becomes altered.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Treatment of burns

What Pearl Harbor has taught us

By MEDICO

"IT was burns, burns, and more burns," states the report received from Pearl Harbor by the United States Navy's Surgeon-General. More than half the injuries treated were due to burns.

The majority of these were what are known as flash burns—burns that occur when the flesh has been exposed to explosion flame even for a second.

The burnt area closely followed the outline of the clothing. Men wearing shirts and shorts were badly burned on the exposed parts, while men with long trousers and sleeves to wrists suffered burning over only a limited area.

It has for long been known that the seriousness of a burn depends on extent rather than depth.

Tannic acid in jelly and liquid solution was first used for burns, but the tendency of tannic acid to crust and crack caused the doctors to try a new treatment which gave dramatic success.

This new treatment was a mixture of sulphamylamide and liquid paraffin. This was not only soothing to the burnt area, but the sulphamylamide controlled infection.

Thanks to this new idea, men who by past standards would have died recovered rapidly and were eager to get back into the fight.

Morphia was given on admission

to hospital to all badly-burnt victims. To save time, the morphia dose was ready prepared in a small plastic ampoule which had a hypodermic needle attached.

But even more dramatic than the new burn-dressing was the result of the use of human blood serum. Enormous doses were used—up to 30 pints, but lives were saved that would otherwise have been lost.

When it is realised that the blood of about 70 donors is required to make 30 pints of serum, it will be seen that many more blood donors will be needed throughout Australia for the Red Cross Transfusion Service.

You will note that I mentioned tannic acid jelly as a treatment for burns. Though not successful, as stated, in the case of major burns, it is a good first-aid treatment, and excellent for those minor burns suffered in the home.

If there is no tannic acid jelly in the home immerse injured spot in lukewarm water to which a little bicarbonate of soda has been added. Use a level teaspoon to one quart of water and test water temperature with elbow.

Even wet compresses of very strong tea are soothing.

Fat, oil, kerosene, picric acid, and flour are out of date, and make subsequent surgical treatment difficult.



DOUBLE-FLOWERING PEACH—one of the gayest and most prolific bloomers of the dwarf tree family. They like an open, sunny position. Plant one or two now!

● You can have a procession of bloom throughout the year if you make a careful selection of flowering trees and shrubs. But hurry if you want to plant this year . . .

Says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

AND while we are talking of digging up our lawns and growing cabbages, let us not neglect or root up our shrub-beries, which have provided us with so much color and brightness every spring.

In most parts of the Commonwealth there is still time, too, to plant shrubs such as azaleas, spiraeas, flowering peaches, plums, cherries, quinces, crab-apples and all those other bright things that provide such a pageant of color or pale blossom in springtime.

But hurry, for the shrub and tree planting time is advancing, and anything that should flower this season must be set out without delay.

Prepare the soil well, too, digging it deeply, breaking up the subsoil with the fork, mattock or crowbar, and mixing in sand, decayed vegetable matter, or similar material, if the subsoil should be hard and impervious to moisture.

Add some good decayed manure to the surface soil, or, in lieu of this, give it some bonedust or bone-meal, both of which are safe to use when setting out new shrubs.

And don't forget that the shrubbery which provides the greatest pleasure is one supplying a procession of bloom during the year, not merely one that gives a gorgeous splash of color in spring and is dormant the rest of the year.

For instance, you can plant shrubs and climbers that will flower in winter, and in this category come hamamelis mollis (Chinese witch-hazel) and Jasminum nudiflorum (winter jasmine).

Winter jasmine is a fountain shrub with an interesting twig pattern. To get the best results with this plant it should be set out in a place where the winter sun glares at it as long as possible—northerly.

Magnolia stellata, although rather common, is a good specimen shrub for the middle of a lawn or for inclusion in the flowering section of the shrubbery.

Last chance to plant shrubs



BEAUTY AMONG THE AZALEAS—one of the brightest of the spring-flowering shrubs. It's not too late to plant these beauties now. They like a semi-shaded position, south to south-east.

Another deciduous magnolia worth setting out now is soulangeana, pink outside and white within.

The famous port-wine magnolia is an evergreen; its botanic name is magnolia fuscata, and it is richly scented.

Then you can run through the months with wattle, waratah, correa, epacris, various heaths, prostantheras, ericostemons, and baeas, most of which are native to Australia. They flower for months if planted with due regard to their season.

Cornus, or dogwood, in many varieties, provides both flowers in spring and summer and fruit in autumn and winter, and the same applies to cotoneasters and crataegus. Later in the season the kolwizia, or beauty bush, the pearl bush, the mock oranges, and genistas come to see us for a while, and perfume the air, brighten up their surroundings, and pass on.

Grace, color, beauty

NOW kolwizia amabilis is not often seen here, which is a pity, for it is one of the best shrubs in existence for cool climates. Of graceful habit, it has slender, arching twigs that are covered with small, weigala-like flowers of delicate pinkish lavender. These are succeeded by bristly seeds. The height of the shrub is 6 to 8 feet.

And if you've never planted mock lilac, or buddleia, now is the time to become acquainted. There are several varieties, the best being veitchiana, but the nurseryman who knows his shrubs will probably also offer you fallowiana, globosa, davidii, nanhoensis, magnifica, madagascariensis, and salvifolia, all of which I will let him

describe to you, as they differ widely in appearance and growing habits. But they are all beautiful.

Calliandra purpurea is another deciduous shrub worth including in the shrubbery if only for its violet-blue berries in winter time. The flowers are small and insignificant, but those berries persist until Jack

Frost has done his damndest. Calliandra needs cutting back hard every winter, for the plant blooms on the wood of the same season.

And so the seasonal procession goes on, azaleas, rhododendrons, spiraeas, hydrangeas, each one having its devotees and admirers. And now is the time to plant them all.

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Making your own family cough remedy is one way you can save money. Just add a little of concentrated "HEENZO" to sweetened water and you make one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the very best ready mixed cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" costs only 2/1 and you will be delighted with its flavour and the speedy way it soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and quickly relieves coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza.***

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

FALSE TEETH

Can Not Embarrass

Wearers of false teeth have suffered embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little **FASTTEETH** on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place, feel comfortable. Sweetens breath. Get **FASTTEETH** at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.***

FELTEX is reversible!

Feltex floor covering when relaid underside upwards looks like new.

This practical suggestion will

1. Brighten your home. —and thus
2. Save needless expense.
3. Enable you to buy National Savings Bonds.
4. Help Australia's war effort—also
5. Protect your own future.

FELTEX

ALL-WOOL REVERSIBLE FLOOR COVERING

FEEL REALLY ALIVE

Take Eno!

See that your children enjoy life the way Nature intended . . . give them a daily sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to ensure that their systems are kept free from poisonous food waste, gently and naturally.

Eno costs 2/3 and 3/9.

ENOS' FRUIT SALT

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Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.
Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

For you to knit

YOUTHFUL CARDIGAN

● Cables with a smart new twist give richness to this sunshiny-looking cardigan. Beautifully designed, it suits the average figure to a nicety. A feature is the extended shoulder-line, accentuated by the decorative cable-stitch.

THE garment pictured on this page was knitted in yellow but you will find it just as cosy and attractive in any other desired color. And note this: It's very easy to knit.

Here are directions:

Materials: Paton's "Bonny" sports wool, 14oz.; knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 10; 1 medium-size crochet hook; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19ins.; width all round at underarm, 34ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 54ins.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 4 sts. to the inch.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 54 sts.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 4, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 4, k 1 (p 1, k 1) four times, p 4, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 4, k 1 (p 1, k 1) eight times.

2nd Row: (Right side of work)—K 1, (k 1, p 1) eight times, k 4, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, p 1 (k 1, p 1) four times, k 4, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, (p 1, k 1) three times.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: K 2, p 1, cast off 3 sts., continue in rib to end of the row.

5th Row: Work as given for 1st row to last 3 sts., then cast on 3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1.

Continue in rib pattern, making a buttonhole in every following 11th and 12th rows. When 3 buttonholes have been completed, change to No. 4 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * k into the back of second st. on left-hand needle and before slipping it off the needle k into front of first st. (the twisting of these 2 sts. will now be termed "Twist A" throughout), repeat from * three times, k 1 (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 4, wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 1, wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 4, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog., wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 4, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice.

2nd Row: (Wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, p 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, (p 1, k 1) five times.

3rd Row: K 1, (slip 1 puriways, p 1) four times, k 1, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, k 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, k 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, k 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, k 3, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows four times and the 2nd row once.

13th Row: K 1, ("Twist A") four times, k 1, (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, (slip next 6 sts. on to a spare needle and let fall to the back of the work, k 6, slip sts. from spare needle on to left-hand needle and k 6)—this will now be termed "cable" throughout—(wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, "cable," (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, increase once in the last st.

14th Row: K 1, (wl. fwd., slip 1

puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3 (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3 (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, p 3 (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3 (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, p 1 (p 1, k 1) four times, k 1.

Continue working, keeping continuity of pattern, increasing once at underarm edge in 7th and every following 8th row, and at the same time making a buttonhole in 11th and 12th rows.

When 4th buttonhole is completed, the next row is worked as follows:

K 1, * knit into front of 2nd stitch on left-hand needle, and before slipping it off needle knit into front of 1st stitch; this will now be termed "Twist B" throughout. Repeat from * three times, continue in pattern to the end of row.

Work 11 more rows in pattern and work next row as follows:

K 1 ("Twist A") four times, k 1, * (wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) three times, "cable." Repeat from * once, work in pattern to end of row. (There should now be 62 stitches on needle).

Continue working in pattern, making another buttonhole in 12th and 13th rows, "Twist B" in 14th row, and "Twist A" and "Cables" in 28th row.

Work 6 rows more after 3rd cable has been completed.

Cast off 4 stitches at armhole edge, still keeping continuity of pattern, decrease once at armhole edge

THIS HAND-KNIT DESIGN came from America. It will fit a 34 or 36-inch size beautifully. Seven coupons are needed for the wool.

In next and every alternate row until 52 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until 7 buttonholes have been completed.

Cast off 12 stitches at neck edge, decrease once at neck edge in every row until 28 stitches remain.

Shape for shoulders as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 9 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 18 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with the right front, making border and shapings at opposite ends of needle and omitting buttonholes.

THE BACK

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 74 stitches.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row until basque measures same as front basque.

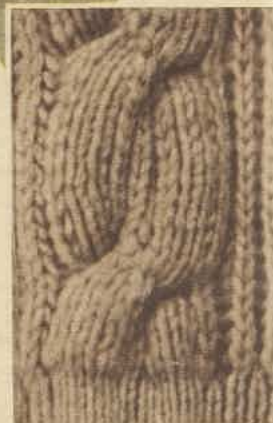
Change to No. 4 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * wl. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat last row 9 times, increasing once at each end of needle in next and every following 10th row until there are 80 stitches on the needle.

Continue without shaping until work measures same as front, cast off 4 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 66 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until armhole measures the same as front armhole. Shape for the shoulders as follows:



HERE you see a close-up of the cables, an outstanding feature of the cardigan.

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to the last 9 stitches, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to the last 18 stitches, turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to the last 24 stitches, turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off as follows: K 2 tog., k 1, pass 1st stitch over 2nd. Repeat until all stitches are cast off.

Continued on page 31



Useful items for children

● Our needlework expert has designed a pretty and practical set, also a ready-to-make frock for small girls.

A FROCK cut on princess lines is always popular, and this design with its gay floral embroidery motif will prove a good investment for spring.

It comes to you traced on linora in shades of cream, blue, pink, lemon and green, in sizes to fit 4 to 6-year-olds, 8/11 (and 7 coupons), 6 to 8 years, 7/11 (and 7 coupons), and 8 to 10 years, 9/6 (and 8 coupons).

If required, a paper pattern for the design is available and is priced at 1/4.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

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Needlework Notions



No. 253.—When ordering this smart little ready-to-make, designed for girls 4 to 10 years, please be sure to state required size and color, and also quote number given above. Read all about it.

Youthful cardigan

THE SLEEVE

Continued from page 30

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 56 stitches.

1st Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) ten times, p 3 (p 1, k 1) three times, p 3 (p 1, k 1) eleven times.

2nd Row: (Right side of work), k 1 (k 1, p 1) ten times, k 4, p 1 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 4 (p 1, k 1) eleven times. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once, and then the 1st row once.

6th Row: Using the No. 4 needles, k 1 (w. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) seven times, k 3 (w. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, k 3 (w. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) seven times, k 1.

7th Row: K 1 (w. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) seven times, p 3 (w. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) twice, p 3 (w. fwd., slip 1 puriways, k 2 tog.) seven times, k 1.

Repeat the 6th and 7th rows three times, increasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 4th row, until there are

68 stitches on the needle, and at the same time making a "Cable" in the 16th and every following 24th row.

When work measures 5 inches from commencement, decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 3rd row until 40 stitches remain.

Cast off, as given for the back. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP THE CARDIGAN

With a warm iron and damp cloth press carefully, taking care to pin fronts in good vandyke shape before pressing.

Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams, easing front shoulders to fit back. Sew in sleeves, gathering fullness at top. Using the crochets hook, work 2 rows of d.c. round neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

This Great Healing Oil Must Banish Eczema and Skin Troubles OR YOUR MONEY BACK

That's the Plan on which Moone's Emerald Oil is sold to all who buy it for Skin Troubles.

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well. Never mind what caused it—you've probably been, like a lot of other people, convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores, and the primary condition remains.

Go to any chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be gone.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have discovered a sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parminat (double strength), and add to it 1 cent of hot water and a little sugar. Take a deservetopical four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

A SET LIKE THIS may solve the "spinach" problem for many a mother. Anyway, it is worth trying out on the child who continually pushes the vegetables aside, or refuses to eat the nice bottled egg at breakfast or luncheon. Full description of this pretty set is given below. No coupons are required.

For tray or table use . . .

Little one's very own set

YOUNGSTERS will adore this little trayset and mothers will appreciate it, too. An individual set is a sensible idea. For little ones are apt to spill food or milk on the family cloth.

The set consists of a traycloth, egg-warmer, and serviette to tuck under the chin. It is available from our Needlework Department

traced on good quality sheer linen in white, blue, pink, lemon, and green, and also on cream, blue, pink, lemon, and green linora.

The floral corner motif should be worked in stem-stitch and the outside edge should be worked in buttonhole-stitch.

The complete set costs 4/6 in sheer linen, and 3/9 in linora. If ordering by mail, please add 3d. for postage.



A picture of health

... thanks to these vital **Wheat** foods

Give your child the robust energy and vitality that wins at work or play . . . by serving one of these vital wheat foods for breakfast every morning. **WEET-BIX** wholewheat flake biscuits deliciously flavoured with malt . . . **GRANOSE** wholewheat flake biscuits flavoured with salt only . . . or **BIXIES** wholewheat flakes flavoured with both malt and honey! And serve them with a sprinkling of **SAN-BRAN**, the natural enemy of constipation! You can obtain any of these famous Sanitarium Health Food products from your usual grocer . . .



Your child needs (1) **BRAN** for regularity. (2) **CARBOHYDRATES** for energy. (3) **PROTEINS** for growth. (4) **MINERAL SALTS** for rich red blood. Wheat provides these elements in abundance.

Weetbix ★ Granose Bixies ★ San Bran

When is a Carrot not a Carrot?

THE answer is, "When all the vitamins are cooked out of it." And that applies not only to carrots but to most of the vegetables that you buy.

To-day, this problem of holding the vitamins in cooked food is more important than ever before. Few cooks—even professionals—really understand the vital necessity for this.

In the U.S.A., of course, they are far ahead of us in this field. Their big newspapers and women's magazines, and also most of the big food companies have for many years been preaching the doctrine of cooking not only the most tempting way—but the right "food value" way as well. They have emphasised the fact that food should be cooked so that its vitamin content is preserved. Marye Dahnke, for instance, Dietitian of the Home Economics Department, Kraft Cheese Company, U.S.A., has devoted her entire time to writing articles, delivering lectures and radio talks on this subject. But that is in America, and here in Australia we are still a long way behind.

Facing a Food Shortage

FOR the first time in our history we are brought face to face with the fact that there is a food shortage.

We have been warned by a Federal Parliamentary Committee that this is a fact. A special Food Council has been set up to advise all of us which are the

best foods to buy, and how to get the most food value out of them. This full page is devoted entirely to that purpose. We hope that it will be of some service to you.

The Value of Steaming Vegetables

First: stop this old-fashioned idea of cooking the food values out of your vegetables. Stop pouring those precious vitamins down the sink. When you overcook vegetables they not only lose their food value but they also lose their chewing qualities and are useless as bulk. You can make your vegetables twice as delicious and far more nourishing by steaming them. Steam is the natural way. It is the right way to keep the vitamins in.

Where possible, don't peel vegetables, but cook them in their skins, especially potatoes, carrots and pumpkins. Save the tops of

vegetables: carrots, for instance. Save the white parts of the spinach and put them in with the soup stock.

Talking of soup stock, always remember the soup pot. In it go the trimmings of your meat, vegetable peelings and the liquids full of precious minerals and vitamins saved from vegetable cookery.

Another thing: stop destroying the nutritional value of your vegetables by adding that pinch of soda. Beans and peas are a perfect example. A little pinch of soda certainly helps them to look nice and green, but it destroys their food value as a source of vitamins.

Eat fruit raw whenever possible, because cooking destroys a great

deal of its food value. Eat plenty of citrus fruits, bananas and pineapples. These have a very high nutritional value.

Don't despise cheap cuts of meat. Cooking over slow heat in a casserole with vegetables gives you a fine meal.

able source of vitamin A—the vitamin that guards against infection. Kraft Cheddar is also extremely rich in calcium, and calcium builds strong bones and sound teeth.

Which Vegetables to Eat

THESE are the vegetables which have been proven to contain a high food value: Cabbage, Parsley, Lettuce, Carrots, Tomatoes, Potatoes and Peas. The following vegetables have low food value: Marrow, Cucumber, Squash and Radishes.

The best vegetables to grow from now on are: Tomatoes, Potatoes, Cabbages, Lettuce, Green Peas, Carrots and Parsley. Why not concentrate on growing some of these in your garden? You can't eat flowers!

Grow vegetables for victory. Cook them the right way. Save the valuable vitamins. Get the most out of all your food and you will be doing a great deal towards helping our war effort.

Issued by the Kraft Nutrition Department.



These vegetables have high food value



These have low food value